





## KING'S PRINCESS

SHOWING TO-DAY  
Please note the change of showing times:  
2.30, 5.00, 7.20 & 9.40 P.M.

NOW! a musical love story  
big as all outdoors!

RODGERS-HAMMERSTEIN'S  
OKLAHOMA!

Richard Rodgers  
Music and Lyrics by  
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, II

Presented in  
CINEMASCOPE  
TECHNICOLOR

Starring: Gordon MacRae, Gloria Grahame,  
Shirley Jones, Gene Nelson.

"CADBURY'S" DRINKING CHOCOLATE  
free to patrons at 7.20 p.m. performance.  
\*\*\*\*\*

— EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW —  
KING'S at 11.15 a.m. PRINCESS at 11.00 a.m.

Columbia's  
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS  
AND 3 STOOGES  
Popoys the Sailor, etc.  
AT REDUCED ADMISSION: \$1.00 & \$1.50

## PRINCESS

Tomorrow, Sunday,  
At 12.10 P.M.

Madras Cine Corporation presents a  
Superb INDIAN PRODUCTION

## "GUL-E-BAKAVALI"

Starring: T. R. RAJKUMARI, G. VARA LAKSHMI RAJA  
SULOCHANA, M. G. RAMCHANDAR, CHANDRABABU,  
THANGAVELU, E. V. SAROJA, E. R. SAHADEVAN,  
A. KARUNANIDHI and 1001 others.

Directed by RAMANNA. Produced by DHIREN DAS GUPTA  
AT REGULAR PRICES

## ROXY &amp; BROADWAY

2nd BIG WEEK! NOW SHOWING THE 8th DAY!  
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

From the best-selling novel of young love in war!



Robert WAGNER Terry MOORE Broderick CRAWFORD  
BUDDY EBBSON ———— DAVID WEISSBERG ———— EDWARD LITVINSON ———— HARRY SHAW

## TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

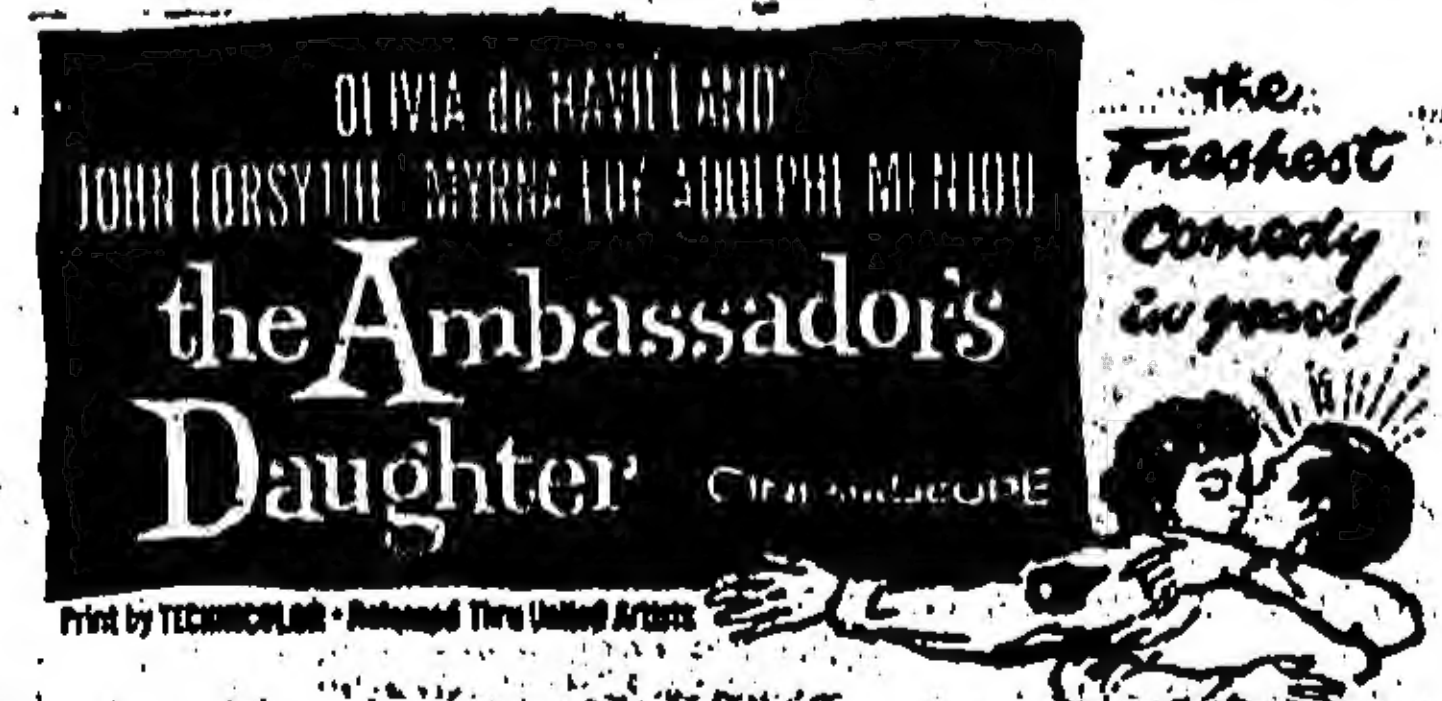
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon  
20th Century-Fox presents  
In CinemaScope & Color  
"THERE'S NO BUSINESS  
LIKE SHOW BUSINESS"  
Starring: Marilyn Monroe  
— Reduced Admission —  
\$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts.

BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m.  
Warner Brothers  
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS  
At Reduced Prices  
At 12.30 p.m.  
"BETWEEN HEAVEN AND  
HELL"

AIR-CONDITIONED  
STAR METROPOLE

TEL. 63883 TEL. 76336

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



## TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

STAR: At 11.00 a.m.  
UNIVERSAL COLOR  
CARTOONS  
At Reduced Prices

At 12.30 p.m.  
M.G.M. presents  
In CinemaScope & Color  
"THE STUDENT PRINCE"  
Starring: Edmund Purdom  
Ann Blyth  
At Reduced Prices  
\$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts.

METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.  
M.G.M. TECHNICOLOR  
CARTOONS  
At Reduced Prices

At 12.30 p.m.  
Errol Flynn  
"OBJECTIVE BURMA"  
A Warner Brothers Picture  
At Reduced Prices

## FILMS BY JANE ROBERTS

She Sins So  
Delicately

DEBORAH Kerr sins so delicately in "Tea and Sympathy" and with such evident dedication, that the adolescent to whom she makes a present of her person must have been more embarrassed than flattered. I found the whole picture over sentimental and although there was an honest attempt made to sort out the problems of inhibited mature people as well as those of bewildered youth, only superficial emotions were produced to explain the complexities of human nature.

The truest words are spoken in a letter at the end of the picture. Deborah Kerr has taken what the author of the original play obviously considers to be strong measures to help prove to one of her husband's pupils that he is not the oddity the other "men" of the school consider him and years later he is reading the letter she has written him.

Whether or not it was her abstinence that succeeded in turning him into the successful writer, husband and father he now is, is not proved. But looking back she wonders whether her possibly misplaced lowering of the standards she had set for herself had not resulted in the failure of somebody who needed her sympathy far more than a tormented, adolescent boy — her husband.

The boy has turned out to be a balanced adult. Her husband, described by her immediately after the "incident" is still the overgrown schoolboy, who, with understanding, could possibly have become, if not the best brain in the world, at least a sympathetic schoolmaster.

The problems of youth, she has come to realize, are often transient and perhaps it might have been better if she had stuck to what the headmaster's wife suggested.

## The Advice

"My Dear" was the essence of the advice offered her, a schoolmaster's wife duty is to remain aloof from the problems and politics of a Boys' School and to dispense tea and sympathy on Sunday afternoons.

Deborah Kerr, though trying initially to conform, finds that the boy's matchless husband's animal spirits, is making her a partisan for a penniless boy who is being victimised for preferring poetry to horseplay and beauty to bawdy talk.

She interjects—rather breezily I feel—and there is an underlying feeling that beneath her concern for the hurt of the boy so near to youth, that there is a desire to live again for a little while the happiness she found with her first husband—a young boy of nineteen.

It's possible to read whatever one likes into "Tea and Sympathy", in spite of the suggestive but Gloria Grahame puts such fun and innocent wickedness into it that it is never offensive. This is the best role she has ever attempted and it would be a good thing if she abandoned all her sultry screen parts and concentrated on "Tea and Sympathy" from now on. Her scene with father and philandering Eddie Albert is one of the funniest in the film. He too gets full marks for a good performance.

The difficult role of Jud, the brooding mentally deranged

This Week's Films  
In Pictures

John Kerr and Deborah Kerr in a scene from "Tea and Sympathy".

with Curly, played by Gordon MacRae, riding through a beautifully coloured countryside singing that happiest of all popular songs "O What a Beautiful Morning".

His voice is warm, the sun is shining, he's a handsome young man full of high spirits and all is very right with the world.

He rides up to the farm house of Charlotte Greenwood and story Shirley Jones and in spite of all the extraneous themes that creep in throughout the screenplay the main thrust is established right away. Laury loves Curly, Curly loves Laury. Yet both are going to fight their way in and out of each other's favour through the film to prove that neither is easy to get and well worth waiting for.

Charlotte Greenwood, though given some sharp lines in some places, is more mellow than she has been in the past. Her directness is tempered with kindness and she is allowed to show more tact than that produced by her usual bellowing, shouting forthrightness.

Some of the faults in "Carrousel" have been reproduced in "Oklahoma". For instance I found many of the dance sequences too long and the gangling, forced coyness of Agnes De Mille is not to my taste. In fact the whole film is too long and would be better for some cutting.

However, with a production that has become almost a legend before its 21st birthday, it would be difficult to visualise it as less than first class, stupendous, colossal, super-special epic of the year.

## Superfluous

The comedy comes from Gloria Grahame as dumb Ado Annie — the girl who just can't say "No". This song is quite suggestive but Gloria Grahame puts such fun and innocent wickedness into it that it is never offensive. This is the best role she has ever attempted and it would be a good thing if she abandoned all her sultry screen parts and concentrated on "Tea and Sympathy" from now on. Her scene with father and philandering Eddie Albert is one of the funniest in the film. He too gets full marks for a good performance.

The difficult role of Jud, the brooding mentally deranged

world, sugar is preferable to spice. Being in firm disagreement, it is difficult to be objective.

But to return to "The Ambassador's Daughter". The daughter in question is Olivia de Havilland, still looking pretty and quite believably able to captivate the younger John Forsythe. He is one of the GIs whose behaviour in Paris has been questioned by the authorities back in the United States. Adolphe Menjou is a Senator from there who is firmly convinced that Paris should be declared a forbidden area for American servicemen. Myrna Loy, still with the mischievous twinkle in her eye, is his wife, and much more understanding. Edward Arnold is the Ambassador himself and also sympathetic towards young American manhood.

Naturally the GI and the Ambassador's daughter fall in love and lots of Paris is used as a background in the process.

It is difficult to see how a cultured boy like Forsythe could have such a likable moron for a friend as Tommy Noonan, but as Noonan gets most of the laughs it isn't very important.

Further Word  
Of Praise

OF "Between Heaven and Hell" I wrote last week and feel that for those who did not read the review a further word of praise would be useful. The subject of war and its effect on the men fighting in it is imaginatively dealt with in this picture and there is an absence of the sentiment that so often detracts from the sincerity of such films.

Broderick Crawford hasn't acted as well since "All the King's Men" and Robert Wagner shows that he is much more than just another good looking pot of the Box Office watchers.

## More 'Rock'

MY comments on "Rock, Rock, Rock" are "much" as they were for the predecessors of the "Rock" school, except that this one is more of a series of variety turns than a musical with a story. Many will miss Bill Haley's Comets who are more well known to Hongkong listeners than Alan Freed's 18 piece Rock 'n Roll Band, but one thing is certain. There will be plenty of noise.

## A Light Piece

## Of Fluff

"THE Ambassador's Daughter" is a light piece of fluff that in spite of bringing in American concern for the behaviour of her servicemen in foreign capitals remains gay and free from politics.

It reminds me of a film of a few years back in which Jean Arthur was a serious-minded Congresswoman sent to Berlin to investigate reports of fraternisation of American soldiers in Berlin with the poverty-stricken, friendless, I am prepared to be corrected, but the film comes to mind as "Evelyn Anderson" and starred the incomparable Marlene Dietrich.

As with so many re-makes and second thoughts those days, the gaiety and insouciance of the originals have been a little mislaid. Possibly it is the present day feeling that in an uncertain

## New Films

At  
A Glance

## SHOWING

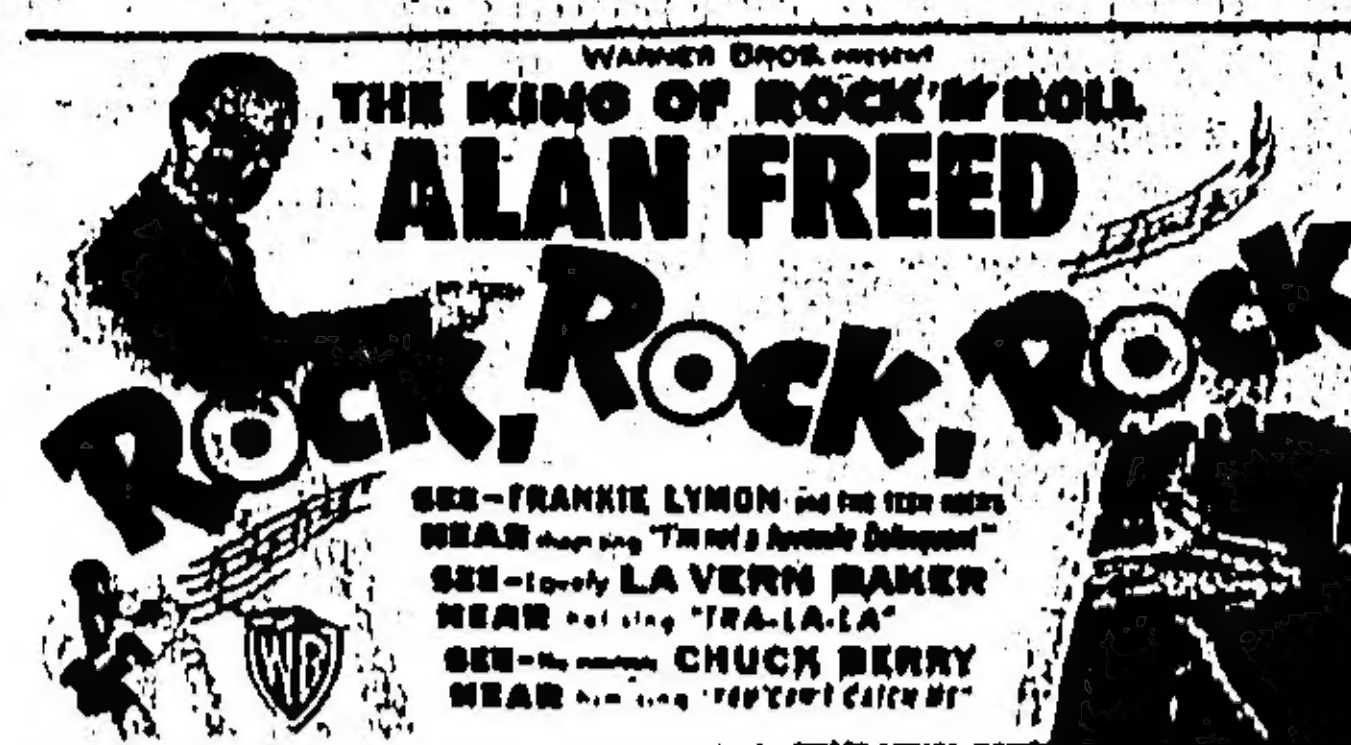
HOOPER and LIBERTY: "Tea and Sympathy": Romantic entanglement between a schoolmaster's wife and one of her husband's charges. Deborah Kerr, John Kerr, Liff Erickson. KING'S and PRINCESS: "Oklahoma": Screen version of the successful musical. Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones, Ed Seliger, Gloria Grahame, Gene Nelson. METROPOLE and STAR: "The Ambassador's Daughter": Smooth comedy set in CinemaScope. Olivia de Havilland, John Forsythe, Myrna Loy, Edward Arnold, Adolphe Menjou. QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Rock, Rock, Rock": More Rock 'n roll with Alan Freed. ROXY and BROADWAY: "Between Heaven and Hell": A good war film. Broderick Crawford, Robert Wagner.

## COMING

HOOPER and LIBERTY: "The Rhapsody": A screen version of Ivor Novello's musical. Errol Flynn, Anna Neagle. KING'S and PRINCESS: "World Without End": Fantasy. Hugh Masek. "The Mountain": Drama. Spencer Tracy, Robert Wagner. QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Women of the River": Romance and tragedy along the banks of the River Po. Sophia Loren. ROXY and BROADWAY: "Love Me Tender": A chance to get a look at the fabulous Elvis Presley. With Richard Boone and Robert Taylor.

## QUEEN'S &amp; ALHAMBRA

SHOWING TO-DAY



— QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA —  
5 SHOWS TOMORROW

"Rock, Rock, Rock"  
EXTRA PERFORMANCE AT 11.30 A.M.

## HOOPER LIBERTY

CAUSEWAY BAY TEL. 72371 KOWLOON TEL. 60148, 60149

NOW PLAYING 2.30, 5.10, 7.30 and 9.45 p.m.

The love story of a teen-age boy  
and an understanding woman

M-G-M presents  
In CINEMASCOPE and  
METROCOLOR

## Tea and Sympathy

Starring  
Deborah Kerr John Kerr

SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12.00 REDUCED ADMISSION  
HOOPER THEATRE LIBERTY THEATRE  
Robert Taylor Allen Ladd  
Elizabeth Taylor Lisbeth Scott in  
in "IVANHOE" "RED MOUNTAIN"

## CAPITOL RITZ

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



Capitol: To-morrow  
Morning Show At 12.30 p.m.  
Tony Curtis in  
"BEACH HEAD"

Ritz: To-morrow Morning  
Show At 12.10 p.m.  
Olivia de Havilland in  
"NOT AS A STRANGER"

## ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

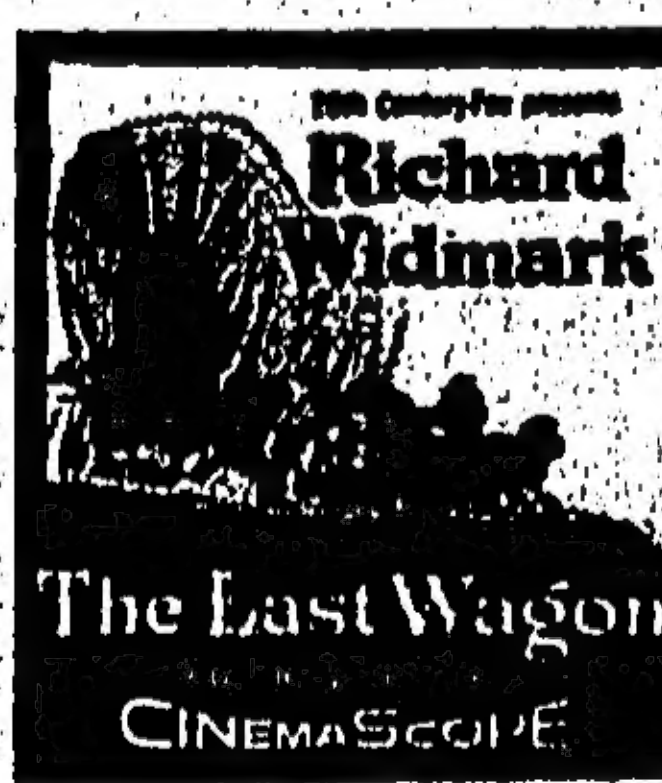
AIR-CONDITIONED

SHOWING TO-DAY  
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.  
The Tremendous Story of  
the Victory over the Graf!



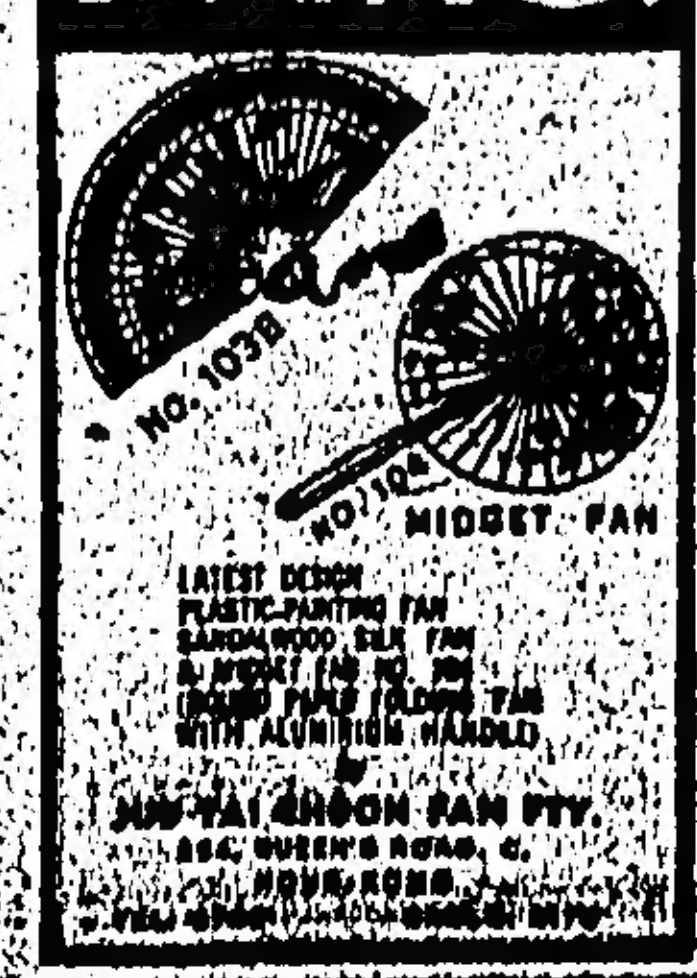
TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW  
At 12.30  
"NIGHT & THE CITY"

2nd BIG WEEK!  
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.  
Nothing could stop  
"THE LAST WAGON"  
From Coming Through!



SUNDAY MORNING SHOW  
At 11.30 P.M.  
"ABDULLA THE GREAT"

## FANS.

An advertisement  
in the  
CHINA MAIL

GOES TO  
CUSTOMERS  
Instead of waiting  
for them to come to  
you  
Use the  
CHINA MAIL  
regularly.



Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

# THE £1,000-A-YEAR PAGE BOY

**CUSTOMERS FOR A HAIR-DO GIVE HIM  
£2 A DAY IN TIPS BUT HIS FIRM IS  
FINED FOR NOT PAYING HIM ENOUGH**

London.

It pays to be a page-boy at a Mayfair hairdresser's where top-crust customers go. One page-boy gets about £1,000 a year, a London court was told.

But his employers were summoned for not paying him enough.

Page-boy Frederick Tebbboth, of Chudleigh Road, Brockley, is 16, but only 4ft. 6in. tall.

In his black uniform with silver buttons he spends most of his day bowing to beautiful women in the perfumed hairdressing salon.

For this, it was said at Clerkenwell Court, he gets:

**TIPS:** More than £2 a day; **FREE** meals, uniform, and clothes cleaning; **WAGES:** £5 5s.

His employers, F. G. French (London), Ltd., of Curzon Place, Park Lane, admitted they should have been paying him £6 11s. a week. Their lawyer said: "Tebboth himself certainly has not complained."

Mr Robey, the magistrate, fined the firm £2. He said of the £1,000-a-year page-boy: "He is doing very nicely."

Back in Mayfair page-boy Tebbboth agreed. "It's the best job I ever had," he said.



## Terribly Upsetting Incident At London Cat Show

**A BREATH of scandal touched the National Cat Show at Olympia last month. Somebody did a Terrible Thing. They stole the tickets off the cages of winning cats. And—**

even worse—the Somebody put them on the cage of her own cat.

And when the organizers complained the same Somebody did the Most Terrible Thing of All. She tipped a tin of cat food over an official.

"It was a woman in a white coat who caused all the trouble," Mr George Calvert, a steward who breeds Siamese cats, said.

"Her cat didn't win a prize and she was so upset she took the winning tickets off all the cages around and put them on her own."

"She had so many tickets showing that you couldn't see the cat."

"She threw cat food over one official and chased a woman helper all round the hall."

The woman in white also took over the loudspeaker and made an announcement of her own.

She proclaimed that she had a first-aid box with her and was willing to treat any cat that fell ill.

"All the vets we have in attendance were up in arms," said Mr Calvert. "We had to make announcements that nobody was to take a cat anywhere near the woman in white."

"We tried to eject her from the show but nobody seemed able to manage it."

This was the diamond jubilee show of the National Cat Club and it attracted 4,000 entries—a record.

## Down Came Lamp Post

CAPT. TELLS WHY

Greenwich.  
Captain William Braston Snelgar couldn't understand the fuss. They had put the lamp-post outside his house and he didn't like it. So he pulled it down, that's all. Wouldn't anyone have done the same?

The captain, a shy 60 or so, really didn't want to talk about it.

At his 200-year-old home, the Manor House, Crooms-hill, Greenwich, he said: "It was lunatic of someone to put it there in the first place. But they have been very nice about it now and I don't want to make a fuss."

But, I asked him, how did it happen? The captain straightened his red-and-blue Fusiliers tie and began.

"Well, I found the hole yesterday, you see. They had taken up two of the flagstones in the forecourt and dug about six inches from one of the big stone pillars. Of course, I got a spade and filled it in."

### Spade Work

"Then I rang up the council people and told them about it. They said it was for a lamp. So I told them what would happen... that it might get broken up in the erecting."

"But it was there just the same when I came home from the office. I am an architect, you know, and I know what happens if you take these things lying down. So I dug it up."

"Yes, I'm used to a bit of digging. I just widened the hole, climbed a ladder and tied a rope on, and pulled it down. Only took a couple of hours. "We don't need a light—there's one in the road 20 yards away and another over the front gate. And, anyway it was a complete eyesore in front of a house like this."

"The engineer fellow I saw this morning was very nice. He saw things my way and said they wouldn't be putting the lamp back."

## JEANETTE MacDonald AND NELSON EDDY TOGETHER AGAIN

Hollywood.

After 15 years, the movies' most romantic screen team—even though each married another—walked into a television studio last month to sing together again.

In 1941 Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy ended their movies as a team, and no more does he sound through the forest in his mountie uniform, or gaze at her in rapture while she sings, "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life."

Today's young movie-goers know screen combinations like Piper Laurie and Tony Curtis and Elvis Presley and his sidekicks. But MacDonald-Eddy successes such as "Naughty Marietta," "Rose Marie" and "Maytime" were memorable films even though Eddy's acting was understated, to put it mildly, and the stories were sugary.

### Quite Exciting

Thus TV fans saw a milestone when Miss MacDonald and her celluloid twin reunited for their first television appearance on the Lux Video Theatre's special holiday musical show last month.

"This is quite exciting," the spry, vivacious Miss MacDonald declared today. "We've been asked to appear on television before but one of us always has been busy. We finally made it this time because one of Nelson's club dates was cancelled."

The MacDonald-Eddy combination began in 1934 and established screen history until the couple's contract ended.

"I did not want to stay because I would rather be remembered kindly by fans for our good pictures than for those dreadful pictures the studio later wanted me to do," she explained.

### Concert Artist

During the last 15 years Miss MacDonald has been a successful concert artist, with an occasional TV appearance, while Eddy turned to night club and concert work. But their days did not forget them.

"MGM still gets letters asking if we will work together again," she smiled. "It's so flattering. Taxi drivers, waiting in stores, persons on the street say to me, 'when are you and Nelson going to sing again?'"

"I think it would be great fun if we did another movie."

Both Eddy and Miss MacDonald were single during their team days, but for reasons known to them they wed others. "Nelson and I used to date each other before I married Gene," she added thoughtfully. "We always have been good friends, but well, it was just never a romance."—United Press.

## 'What You Look Like' Tax Now!

Sark.  
Residents of this tiny British island have their tax problems, but not just like everybody else.

There are no income taxes, no customs excises and no death duties. But the 540 inhabitants are up in arms about taxes anyway.

They're disturbed about a penny-in-the-pound "soak the rich" duty levied on residents of the 1,000-acre island who look rich enough to pay it.

Henry Head, one of the 40 landowners on Sark, said "Sark is a tax-dodgers' paradise."

### Old Clothes

"But it is better to have no tax at all than have our worth assessed as a horse dealer would appraise the old grey mare," he said.

The trouble arose when the island's parliament decided to levy the tax on the basis of someone's appearance.

If he looks prosperous and the collectors think he is worth as much as £40, he pays the tax. If he doesn't look prosperous, no taxes.

"If I get my way," he said, "no longer shall we have to put on our oldest clothes when we go walking to discuss the matters."—United Press.

## AND THEN—SECOND THOUGHTS

And then little Freddie had second thoughts.

He wrote a letter to the income-tax inspector. "Dear sir," it said, "It's not true—I do not make £1,000 a year as page boy to a hairdresser, perks or no perks."

For that was what the solicitor said Freddie earned with tips when his employers were fined for paying him 26s. a week short of the legal wage.

"He is doing very nicely," beamed Mr Robey, Clerkenwell magistrate. "But I'm not doing very nicely," argued Freddie. "What are the income-tax people going to say when they read I am supposed to be getting nearly £20 a week? ... All this publicity!"

Freddie drew himself up to his full 4ft.-odd. "There's a lot of bad feeling, I can tell you." Although a fully grown man, he is just about tall

enough in his smart, many-buttoned page's uniform to look a well-grown 11-year-old straight in the eye.

Patrons at the Curzon Place West establishment of society hairdresser Frederick French think he's "cute."

He helps them all off with their coats. Then he helps them all on with their coats. Naturally, they express their appreciation. "But not £1,000 a year," said Freddie

gloomily. "Nine pounds a week, maybe, in good times."

Mr Frederick Freeman, his employer, told me: "My wife spotted Freddie in the lift of a big store, just going up and down all day getting nowhere. She saw his potentialities as a page."

"He's been with us five years now at £5 5s. a week, and... well, 200 patrons a day certainly don't forget him on their way out."

## He Spends Millions On 'Love Thy Neighbour' Ads

One of Washington's biggest real estate agents, never signs cheques, carries no life insurance and spends his earnings on full-page newspaper ads imploring people to "love thy neighbour."

Leon Ackerman says the money he makes from such things as a \$20 million real estate project in Florida is "all God's money."

Ackerman has aroused national interest through his newspaper ads which have appeared from coast to coast and through thousands of Christmas cards he sends out each year carrying religious messages.

"I don't worship anything I can't take with me," he said in an interview at his bustling real estate office.

Ackerman, who appears to be enjoying life fully, is a large man with silver hair, a grey moustache and a friendly, twinkling eye.

He explained that his "resurrection" occurred in 1949 after a hard St. Patrick's day binge. Since then, he said, he

hasn't touched liquor or tobacco and has tried to follow the teachings of Jesus, particularly the law of love.

Ackerman said he was deeply concerned about how people are being "hypnotised to hate."

"It's a terrible thing. The tendency to hate is the most dangerous thing in the world. Many people 'wonder what's the gimmick' in his religious advertisements," he said. "The answer, he said, is that he has learned that expanding the gospel of love is an infinitely richer source of satisfaction in life than "the worship of dollars."

The newspaper ads at first were anonymous. But he said the New York Times a few years ago refused to take an ad unless he signed his name to it. So he now says "Leon

name in small letters at the bottom, with his office address, but no mention of his business pursuits or the name of his firm."

"Every penny I earn personally goes into these ads," he said. He apparently places the ads when he thinks they're most needed.

He placed some ads earlier last month, for instance, after Adm. Arthur W. Radford said that war in some cases is better than peace without freedom.

Ackerman, whose office staff includes a couple of Admirals, former Sen. Harry F. Cain (R-Wash.) and former Washington backleader Barney Harewood, says he has no idea how much money he has spent on the ads. But they came out of his earnings, he said, and he has not listed any business expenses for income tax purposes. —United Press.

## PARENTS TIED CHILDREN IN BED

Aachen.

A man and wife who tied their three children to their beds and went to the movies were sentenced to 12 and 15-month gaol terms today.

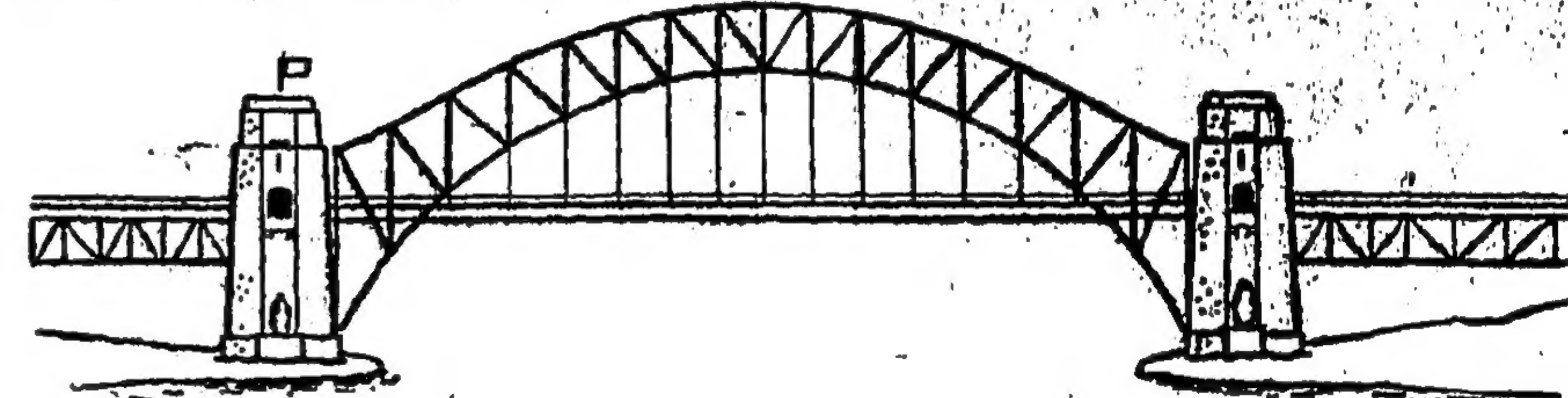
The 25-year-old father refused to leave the movie theatre when police entered to look for the parents after neighbours heard the children crying. He said he wanted to wait until the end of the picture. —United Press.

## What Blue Uniforms Do To The Butcher

Paris.

A Paris police court lot a butcher accused of assaulting a meat inspector. With a 30,000 franc (£30) fine after the butcher explained that his wife was cheating on him with a gentleman and he reacted violently to the sight of men in blue uniforms.

"You shouldn't confuse a meat inspector with a gentleman, but the bout was a grave and astonishing circumstance," the judge said. —United Press.



## Sydney in 22 hours



## by Super Constellation

LEAVING HONG KONG 4 P.M. EVERY TUESDAY

Qantas Super Constellations, the world's finest long-range passenger airliners, powered by four mighty Wright Cyclone turbo-compound engines, are now operating on the weekly service from Hong Kong to Sydney. Flying time has been cut by six and a half hours.

Fly Qantas First Class, with magnificent food and individual attention; or choose comfortable Tourist accommodation at a saving of over 20% in air fare.



AUSTRALIA'S OVERSEAS AIRLINE

JARDINE, MATHISON & CO. LTD. PHONE: 63311, 80311

AND LEADING TRAVEL AGENTS

QANTAS EMPIRE AIRWAYS LTD. IN ASSOCIATION WITH B.O.A.C. AND T.M.A.



# HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



**LOUIS** and the Longhair. Trumpeter Louis Armstrong looks politely ecstatic as Norman Del Mar, conductor of the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, tries to squeeze out of the famous horn. Mrs. Armstrong's satchel-mouthed son was rehearsing with Mr. Del Mar for a feeless one-night stand at London's Royal Festival Hall, the proceeds of which were to go to Hungarian relief. (Express)



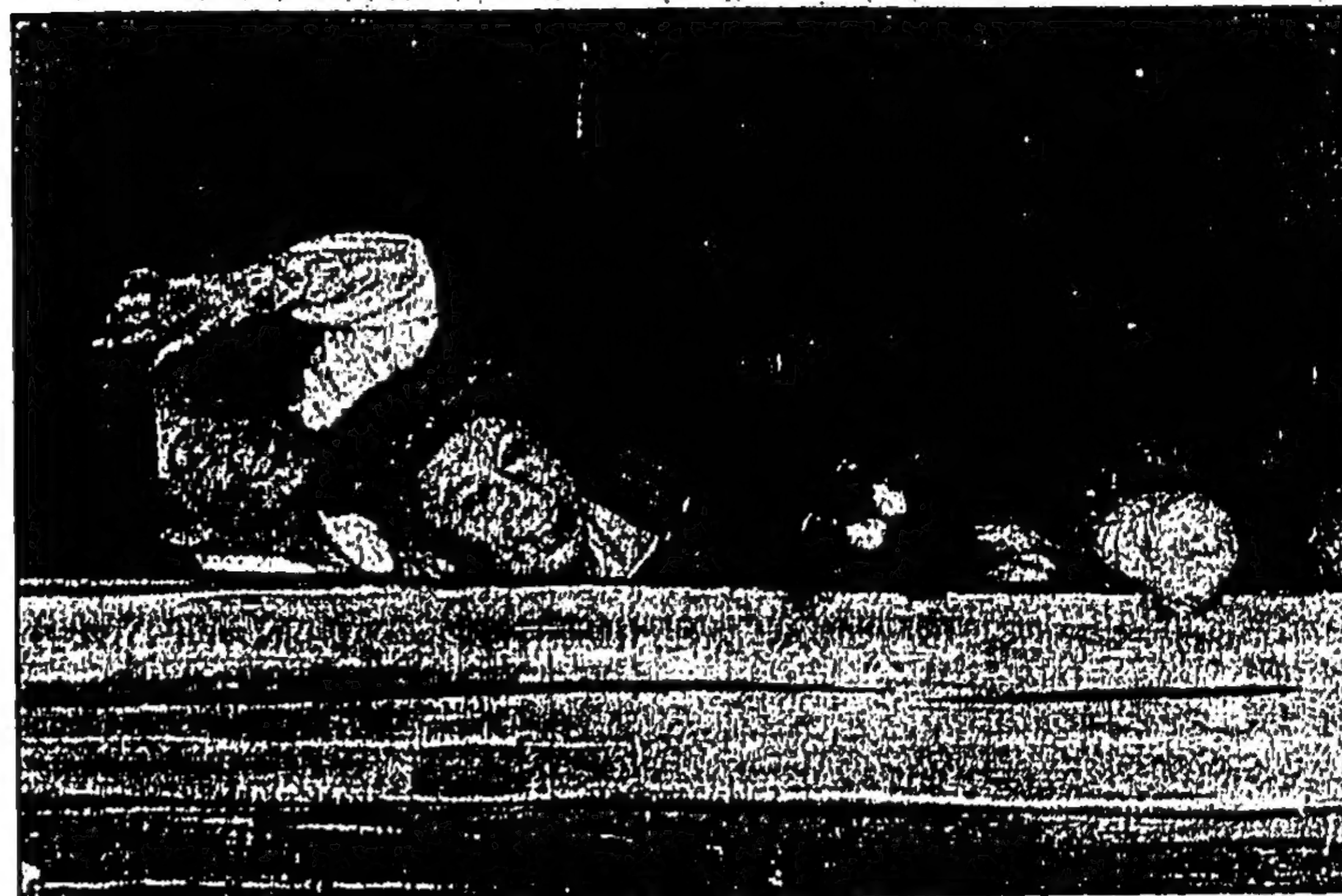
**BRITAIN'S** first Hungarian refugee baby. Eva Vecsi, 19, pictured with her 6lb 10oz baby Paula, born in a Sussex hospital. She and her husband, 27-year-old Jons, fled from their home just outside Budapest, and when they reached the Austrian border had to hide for two days, their only nourishment a bottle of wine given them by a peasant. (Express)



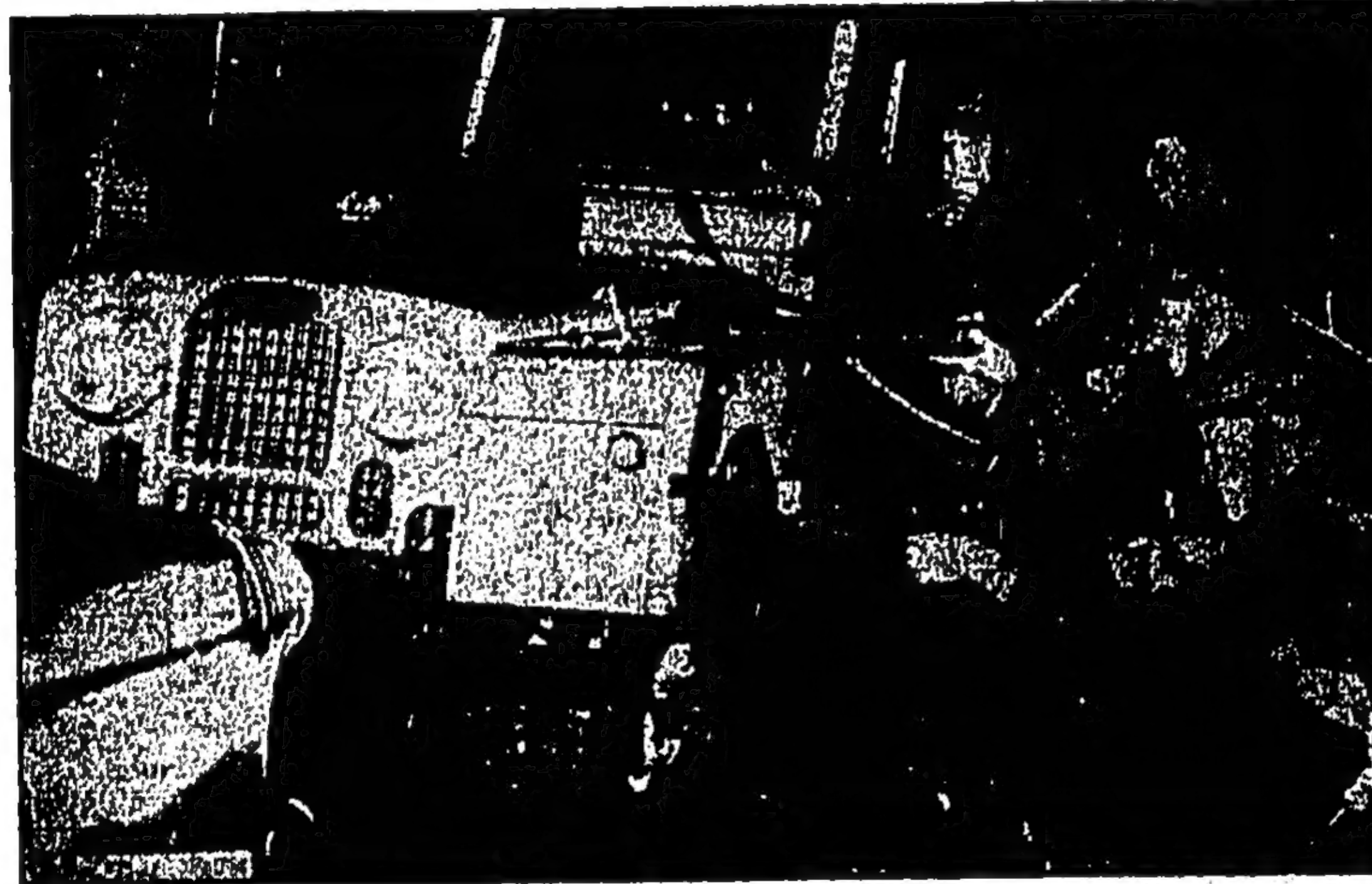
**AS** policemen watch, a postman in Fleet Street, London — heart of Britain's national newspaper world — clears a pillar box after it had been reported that the Irish Republican Army had placed a bomb in the box. It was a false alarm. (Express)



**IN** a room of a public house in Newmarket, 200 youngsters have found a new pastime. They call it Jazz With the Parson. He is their curate—the Rev. Charles Cowley, 28-year-old former member of the Cambridge University Jazz Club. In a cafe one day he found 20 youths sitting round a juke box. "I suggested they should do something constructive, if they wanted jazz, instead of aimlessly putting pennies in a slot. I offered them a room." The offer was accepted, and soon it was filled with young people listening to the curate talk of jazz. Mr. Cowley is shown singing at a microphone, with some very solid backing. (Express)



**THE** Pantomime season under way in London. Beryl Stevens as Dick Whittington, George Formby as Idle Jack, and Jeanne Craig playing The Cat, photographed on the stage of the Palace Theatre. (Express)



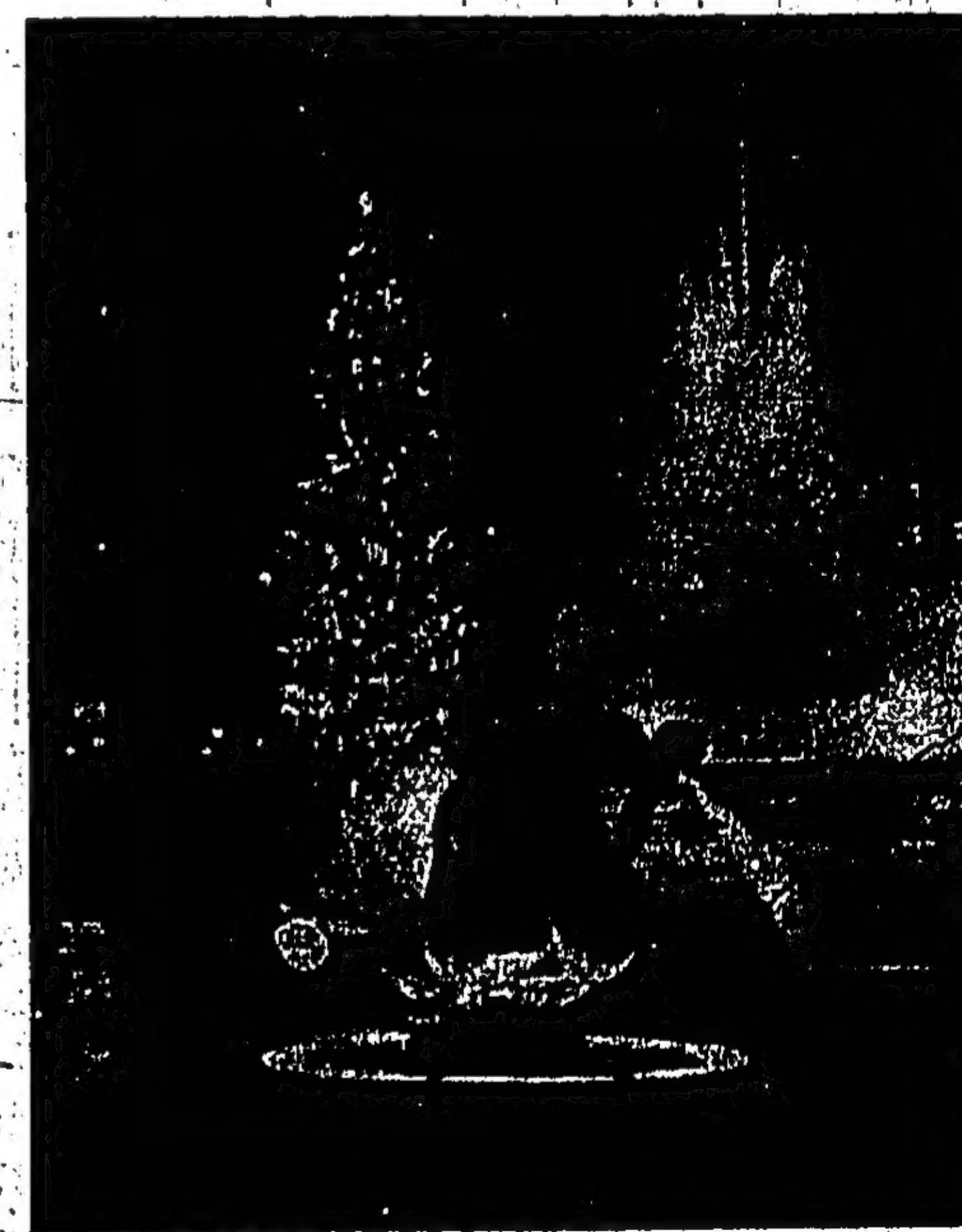
**IRISH** Army v. Irish Republican Army. These Eire troops are pictured in action against a house full of suspects of the illegal IRA organisation four miles inside the Eire border near Monaghan. The men—13 in all—were arrested. (Express)



**A** TV transmitting unit being removed from a Bristol Sycamore helicopter after an airborne television transmission test at Cambridge by the Pye radio firm. Present range is about five miles, but it is planned to develop a more powerful set of similar weight but with a range of 100 miles or more. (Express)



**SCHOOLBOY** footballer Tony Wardley has been dropped from the Coplestone Road School (Ipswich) because his teacher objects to his "Tony Curtis" hair style. Fourteen-year-old Tony, left back, has been told he will not be picked again until he has a "proper" haircut. He still plays, however, for the All-Ipswich schools side. (Express)



**THE** Christmas scene in London's Trafalgar Square after the 67ft Christmas tree — a gift from the city of Oslo — was switched on by Norway's Ambassador, Mr Per Preben Prebensen. (Express)

## NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



ROWNTREES

SMARTIES





"Come and say 'Good Morning' to what you called 'The sweetest Christmas present you have had'"

## A SUPER-CONFIDENT PEOPLE SEE ANOTHER JACKPOT YEAR

# THE UNQUIET AMERICAN IS HARD TO FIND

**F**ORWARD to '57, and the Americans expect the buoyant boom to continue at home, the tangled series of crises to continue abroad.

There are qualifications, of course. Perhaps the property will lose a little of its bloom; the stock market, though in 1956, the cost of living is the highest in history, and personal debt to hire purchase is prodigious, but most people expect the dollar avalanche to keep flowing.

I have not met many pessimists during the Christmas holidays. It's considered unpatriotic to sell America short even by inches.

The people say, the politicians say, and the Press says, "Another record-breaking year for America."

It is a good spirit, and it is the right spirit, characteristically American, though maybe a little tinged with a touch of the booster and the huckster.

### Fussing

**W**HEN a few friends dropped in for a drink, one man summed it up with the agreement of all the Americans present but with reservations from myself and a couple of other English people.

The man who has made half a million dollars during the past three years financing parking lots said: "We are going to hit the jackpot again. And why? Because America is 30 years ahead of the rest of the world."

There is nothing like being sure of yourself but possibly the Americans are too sure. I haven't read a single economic forecast except Henry Hazlitt, who warns of financial disaster unless there is a drastic change in tax and monetary policy.

My trouble is to discover just what that policy is other than jump-starting with billions on an international scale to perpetuate the prosperity and boom.

We have heard very little from President Eisenhower since his massive election triumph. I have seen him in smiling handshakes with Nehru, who has been fussed over as a sort of saviour of mankind, we have read of the 14-hour talks with Nehru in the solitude of the Gettysburg farm, but we have seen and heard few signs of positive leadership.

### Honeymooning

**M**R Dag Hammarskjöld could be mistaken for the acting President of the United States. He, the great general, has become the super-pacifist. He seems to be putting all the American eggs in the United Nations basket, and as Mr Hammarskjöld so far has agreed to practically everything that Colonel Nasser has demanded, this is hardly making the British or the French representatives very happy.

My own view is that the Eisenhower-Hammarskjöld honeymoon will not last too long.

The President is still liked with Sir Anthony Eden. He regards the Suez adventure as a personal affront and has



talked about letting the British and French stew in their own juice. But sheer American self-interest will drive the Americans back into the Anglo-French arms.

A long policy conference between our new Ambassador, Sir Harold Caccia, and the President will take place soon. It is about time.

Sir Harold, here several weeks, has not had a chance to confer at length and in detail. He has been cooling-kicking in a better word—his heels while Nehru was given the plushiest red-carpet treatment.

I saw Sir Harold the other day and was impressed. He is young, vigorous, experienced, and well informed. He is a good athlete and I hope he is a golfer.

We shall have to wait on results so far as the presentation of the British case is concerned.

I asked Sir Harold: "Do you plan innovations—something

different from your predecessors? Have you a blueprint for action to hit Page One?"

I cannot record the Ambassador's reply, but anyway, he knew the phrase "Page One," which is more than some of the mediocre men he has succeeded would have known.

This is a time of transition. Suez continues to plague the people's conscience and is responsible for the nerves of the State Department and White House.

### Slaying

**D**AY after day the President is asked although in polite terms: "What is your Middle Eastern policy apart from saying nice things about dear Dag down at the U.N.?" and as no one has ever accused Eisenhower of deafness he must be hearing.

His tendency just now is to place more and more responsibility on Vice-President Nixon. Dulles, old and ailing, is being gently eased out.

The major foreign policy statements are now being made by Nixon ("Dollar aid to Britain and no recrimination") while Dulles holds the press conferences and takes the plane trips. For a man with the overwhelming self-esteem of John Foster Dulles, this is agonising, so perhaps Dulles will make an agonising reappraisal of his own position and depart from public life.

A Cabinet reshuffle would retire Dulles, promote Christian Herter, but Eisenhower and

Nixon would tell Herter what to do far more than they ever told Dulles.

Secretary of Defence Charles Wilson, who sacrificed two million dollars in General Motors profits when he entered the Cabinet, is expected to leave. But Secretary of the Treasury, George Humphrey, will probably stay. There will be the great shake-up and no prizes.

I do not expect a new lower-level meeting for a little while, or for a declaration that the "specialties" which are essential before a conference of chief executives can take place have not been worked out.

Eden and Mollet are still regarded as bad boys to be kept at the back of the class for a few more weeks, even though Eisenhower publicly proclaimed that it was their "manifest right" to act as they did and millions of Americans agreed with the Suez action (but now deplore its humiliating end).

### Testing

**T**HERE is probably less anti-British feeling here than there is anti-American feeling in Britain—and understandably—but there is no great public enthusiasm for a policy of pouring out more billions to Europe. Congress convenes early in the New Year and the Administration may have a battle to put over more loans and gifts. Tax cuts for Americans during 1957 are out.

Neither the public nor Congress shares the passion that

Eisenhower presently has for the United Nations. Their attitude is simple. The United Nations failure as regards Hungary was complete and absolute, and U.N. officials who preen themselves on the British and French capitulation to U.N. on Suez are living in a dream world.

The test this year will be of Eisenhower's leadership and the United Nations' effectiveness.

The Anglo-American breach will be healed, but there will still be sharp spurs of pain, and I doubt whether the President and the Prime Minister will ever close their bilateral door.

Of other American fronts there will not be many drastic changes. The Duponts, the Rockefellers, the Harrimans will continue to dominate. I think it probable that the Fort Randall, the creation of one company, should have more dollars in the kitty than the British Treasury.

We are coming to an era when the giant American firms—Standard Oil, General Motors, United States Steel—are becoming wealthier and more powerful in their own right than some sovereign nations. Talk about colonialism or imperialism!

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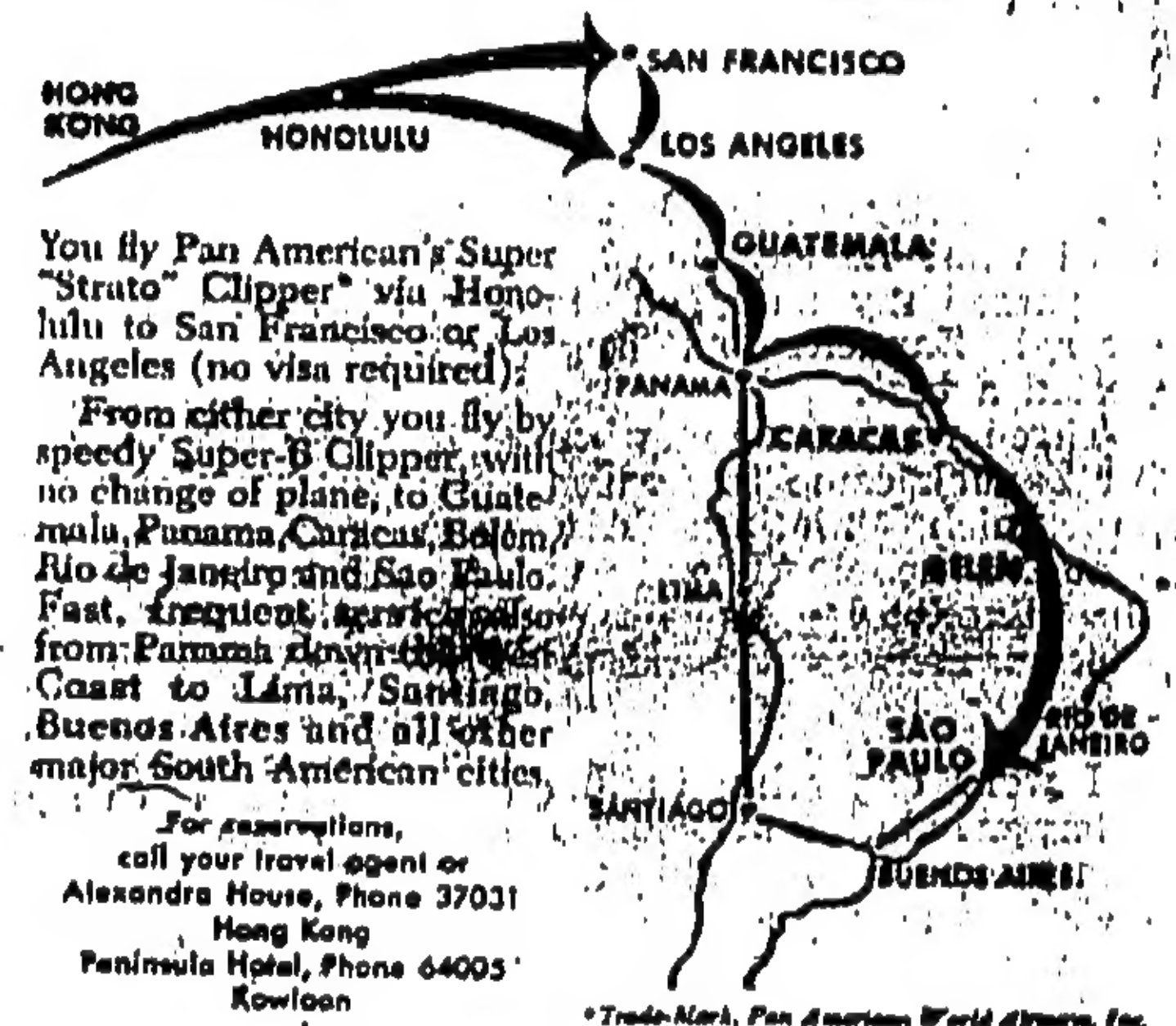
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A watch that is waterproof down to 660 feet

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Rolex, who specialise in providing accurate time under any circumstances, have made a wonderful watch called the Submariner—especially for deep divers and all those engaged in sea-going activities. The Rolex Submariner has a special Oyster case unconditionally guaranteed to resist the fantastic pressure at 660 feet underwater.

Revolutionary time-recorder. The Submariner has also a revolutionary "Time-Recorder" dial, round, dial, calibrated from zero to 60. By turning this dial so that the zero mark points to the minute hand, before he starts, the diver can always read off the time elapsed. Even in the twilight prevailing at 150 feet, or when diving at night, he can read it, because the dial and all three hands are extra-luminous.

Essential for decompression. The "Time-Recorder" dial solves the problem of exact timing of

decompression stages. By pre-setting the zero mark in the correct position of the hand, the diver knows precisely when to continue upwards to the surface.

For everyday wear too. These revolutionary advantages are additional to the other remarkable qualities of the Submariner: its marvellous accuracy, its perpetual "Calor" self-winding mechanism, and the perfect protection given by its special Oyster case. The Submariner is the ideal watch for every diver.

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# M. CLAUDE HAS A NEW PLAN FOR THE CARTIER EMPIRE

PARIS NEWSLETTER from SAM WHITE

**A**T this season it seems appropriate to cast a glance at the affairs of Cartier's, the jewellers. Last week a Cartier married in Paris. It was a splendid affair and the reception which followed the wedding was almost a roll-call of Cartier's top clients throughout the world.

The bridegroom was 30-year-old Claude Cartier, who runs the New York side of the family business. The bride was 20-year-old Rita Salmons. Her father, Mr Ricardo Salmons, is a Skidman by birth and now a U.S. citizen. He has been married twice, each time to an exceptionally wealthy American woman.

Mr Salmons lives most of the time in Paris and in Monte Carlo, where he is a gay and popular figure, known as "Ricky." The most interesting aspect of this marriage is the considerable effect it is likely to have on the organisation of the Cartier business.

Just before Claude's father died during the war he entered into the following arrangement

with his two brothers: one would take the London business, another Paris, and he himself would run New York. For taxation reasons all three branches would be run as separate businesses.

Claude, who had been brought up in Hungary (his mother was a Hungarian countess), arrived in the U.S. shortly after the outbreak of war.

In 1944 he joined the U.S. Air Force and thereby automatically obtained U.S. citizenship.

After his father's death control of the business passed to his mother and it was only after her death that he came into the inheritance at the age of 28.

By that time he had developed a passion for such dangerous sports as bobbing and motor racing.

His New York driving licence was withdrawn for two years as a result of speeding charges. A moody and immensely self-confident young man, Claude is also a fast, successful

He quickly made a shrewd discovery: that the oil boom in Venezuela offered a splendid possibility for the New York company.

He developed the Caracas branch and the Venezuelan capital, bursting with the new rich, now provides Claude with a turnover almost as big as that of Cartier's in London or Paris—and this in addition to the profits of the New York business.

However, Claude wishes to live in France. He has therefore proposed to his two uncles a new division of the Cartier empire with a share in the Caracas profits as the inducement.

### WORKS OF ART

**P**ICTURE POSTCARD salesmen who approach tourists in the Paris West End are not selling obscene postcards, but only reproductions of masterpieces in the Louvre, according to the Paris chief of police in reply to requests that the salesmen should be driven off the streets.

He added: "The mysterious, even more complicated by the fact that the house supplied to

prospective clients is only a piece of good salesmanship."

### OWN MUSIC

**T**OP performer in Paris this season is crooner Gilbert Becaud, who is breaking all records at the Olympia musical hall. He has surpassed the attendance records put up by Eddie Constantine, Charles Trenet and Edith Piaf.

Becaud, a shy, fair-haired man of 29, writes his own music, for lyrics written for him by poet Louis Amade.

### NIGHTMARE JOB

**T**HERE is a nightmare quality about the job Lady Ismay, wife of the retiring NATO Secretary-General, Lord Ismay, has to do in Paris.

The job is that of playing hostess to 15 foreign ministers or ambassadors at recurring intervals, the 15 being the representatives of the NATO powers.

This meant that when wives of senior NATO officials were also invited to the dinner parties there were never fewer than 45 people.

the Ismays was unsuitable for entertaining on such a scale—guests at the larger dinner parties had to be distributed over three different rooms—and that the permanent staff of the house numbers only six.

### MYSTERY HOUSE

The house is in a cul-de-sac off the Bois de Boulogne and both it and some of its neighbours pose something of a mystery.

The Ismay house was found for them by the French Foreign Office, but the Foreign Office refuses to reveal anything of its past history.

Laval is known to have had property in the cul-de-sac, but it certainly was not the Ismay house. A neighbouring house to that of the Ismays was let for several years to different groups of Ethiopians.

Then a "For Sale" notice appeared outside but prospective customers who wished to examine the interior were forbidden admission by the caretaker.

### LIMITATION

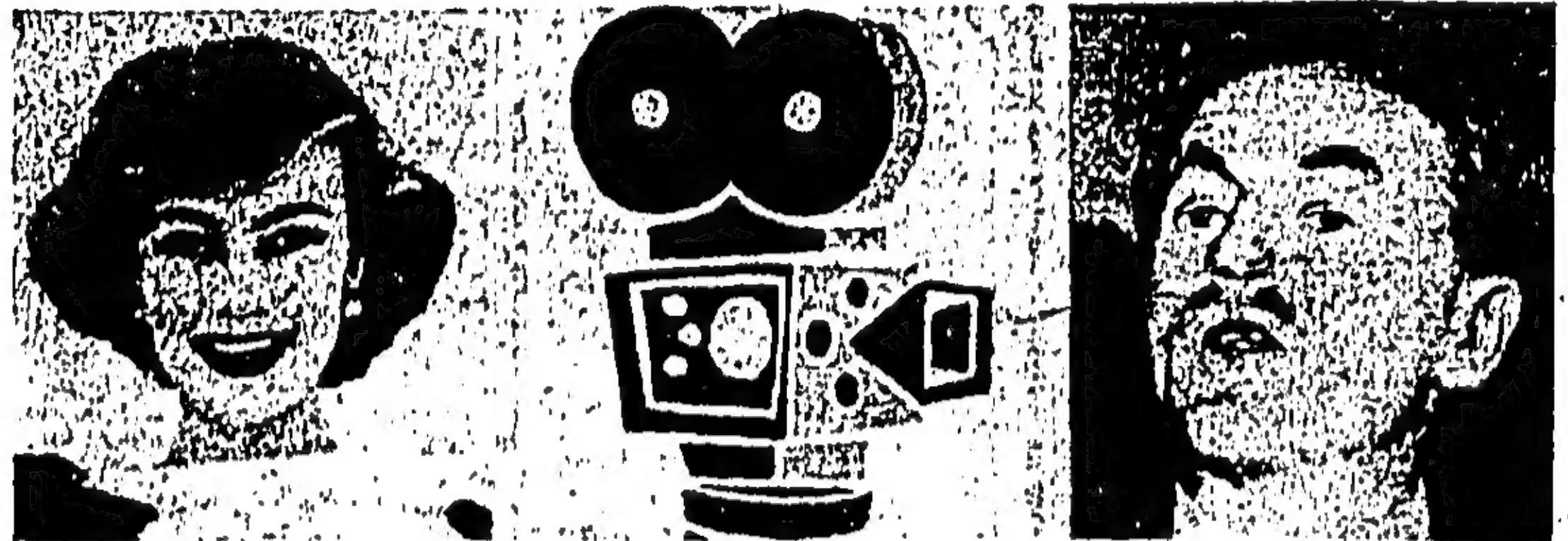
NATO Secretary-General designate, Paul-Henri Spaak, has trouble with my English. He has a new book to read for his world peace in that language but not how to read it.



# Exactly what it's like—taking a film test for Zanuck in CINEMASCOPE

by JEAN DAWNAY

READERS who first met Jean Dawnay through her book — "MODEL GIRL" — know her to be a person of frankness, honesty — and no "line-shooting." Since publication of "MODEL GIRL", millions have seen her on "What's My Line?" Now comes A Film Test For Jean Dawnay. This is her personal account of an experience about which thousands of people must have wondered: "I wonder what it's like . . ."



THE GIRL (JEAN DAWNAY)...THE CAMERA...AND THE MAN (ZANUCK)

THE thing that started it all was a meeting I had with film director Gregory Ratoff.

Apparently Mr Ratoff liked what he saw because he passed my name on to Darryl Zanuck and suggested a test.

Three weeks ago when Mr Zanuck came to London to finish filming Alec Waugh's novel, "Island in the Sun," his secretary called me to Claridge's Hotel.

I went expecting to find a large, bald, cigar-smoking film mogul who would fire questions at me and make me wish I had not come. Instead, I found a small, wavy-haired, good-looking man who looked more like a retired English colonel.

It was arranged I should do a test in about two weeks' time. I asked what I should wear, and Mr Zanuck said something completely simple like a jumper and skirt.

## SIMPLE

SO far, so good. Everything seemed very simple. A week later somebody rang me from the studio and said I would be doing the test the following Friday.

So I began to get up early and get rid of the bags under my eyes; but on the Tuesday they telephoned again to say the test had been put forward to Wednesday.

I was in a panic. When could I get my hair done? They said it could be done at the studio but I wanted to go to my own hairdresser.

What was I going to wear? I'd sent the skirt and sweater I'd decided on to the cleaner, and they would be back until Thursday evening.

Well, I'd just have to do something else. So I rushed off to that well-known chain store, bought a couple of new sweaters, and decided I'd wear the bottom half of a four-year-old Dior dress as a skirt.

On Wednesday I woke up feeling sick at the thought of the test, so I filled myself up with those new calming pills.

At 11.30 a large car arrived to take me to the studio. I asked the chauffeur to stop at a sweet shop for me to buy some peppermints as I'd eaten garlic for lunch the day before (before they'd sprung it on me about the changed schedule), so just in case I was expected to do a torrid love scene or something I was well prepared with peppermints.

## MASON

AT the studio the driver took me into a large building and telephone for somebody to come and take me to my dressing-room.

I was tickled pink to see my name in large letters on the door—admittedly only on cardboard, whereas the next dressing-room had "James Mason" painted on the actual door, and on the other side of me I read "Marilyn Monroe".

After I had left my case I was taken downstairs to Mr Dave Aylott, the make-up man. It was rather like going to the dentist's surgery. There was a huge chair with a head-rest, and lots of instruments, brushes, tweezers, pots, and pencils laid out—all scrupulously clean and tidy, and Mr Aylott wearing a white jacket.

## LASHES

AFTER cleaning my face with cleansing milk he smoothed on a stick make-up with a sponge moisture in glycerine (that was a new one on me, I've always used water), then brushed some dark-brown paint over the bumps on my nose making it look slimmer and straighter.

Then we came to the eyes, and the fitting of false lashes. Time for lunch. And then soon after a tall, handsome man came and told me it was time for the test (he turned out to be Michael Birkett, an assistant director).

We stopped on the way to have my face powdered and lipstick touched up—suddenly my hair which I had been fiddling with for ages seemed all wrong and I wanted to change it completely, but it was too late now.

I was being led like a lamb along corridors and out into the foggy afternoon across to the "Island in the Sun" set, on which they had just that moment finished shooting, so there were hundreds of technicians standing idly around.

I was very conscious of all eyes upon me as I climbed some temporary stairs built to an upstairs set that they had constructed in the studio.

It was a very realistic-looking, elegant drawing-room leading to a bedroom and bathroom. There are lamps which were on ere far stronger than anything I had ever experienced in modelling or TV.

## QUESTIONS

ANOTHER assistant director called Jerry O'Hara told me not to worry and to remember that as it was a test one could always start over again if anything went wrong.

He gave me a typewritten sheet with a few questions they were going to ask me: What is your name? Is this your first screen test? Tell me something about your career as a model, etc., etc.

I was shown what I had to do as I walked through the main door of the drawing-room, then to the telephone and dial. Afterwards I was to cross to the mirror and look at myself, then sit down and begin to look at a book, after which they would "cut" then come in close for the interview.

It all sounded very simple, and would have been if the effects of the pills was not beginning to wear off, leaving me with a stiff-with-trill feeling.

I was through it once and twice then they said "All right, we'll shoot the next one." I was sent to my position out of sight behind the drawing-room entrance. Somebody called out "Quiet" then "Lights" and the director said, "Cut!"

scious of the sudden dead silence all round.

It went fairly smoothly, and when I got to the book bit the director said "Cut." Just like they always do in the films I've seen about films.

Then a short halt, and then they started shooting the interview. Again that awful quiet, and my voice sounded very strange breaking the silence. I went low and flat and I was horribly conscious I was making a mess of the whole thing. I was asked to look up at a picture on the wall to my left, then at some ornament on the wall to my right, then to turn back and smile. I couldn't manage to smile, it just would not come.

Then came "Cut," and it was all over. Suddenly everyone started talking at once and what a relief it was. And, on, how I wanted to do it all over again and make a better job of it.

Now all I have to do is wait for the result.

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Where the men are confirmed bachelors, no wonder thousands of the girls are emigrating

## A NATION IS LOSING THE WILL TO MARRY

By RICHARD POLLOCK

IRISHMEN are born bachelors. And they'll do anything to avoid being "hooked." That is the simple explanation I have been given for the alarming fall in Ireland's marriage rate—now the lowest in Europe.

At the age of 30, only two out of five Irishmen have settled down with a wife.

The result is that Irish girls are being forced to go abroad to seek husbands. Twenty thousand leave the country every year, and within six months many of them have found a prospective husband.

I was in Ireland shortly after the latest statistics were issued, and I recall the public lament of the Bishop of Cork: "The will to marry in the land is almost gone."

I talked to dozens of young people—men and women—in Munster and in Leitrim, in Dublin and in the small towns and villages.

And the viewpoint of the average young girl in Eire was crystallised to me best by a Wexford girl of 24.

"They are just afraid of marriage and of the responsibilities that go with it," she added.

The average man's attitude was summed up by an Irishman of 32, tall and handsome. This man holds an all-Ireland medal for Gaelic football, and in Count Cavan he is a hero.

"Get married? Sure, I'd love to. But how could I afford it? I need my car. I'm a member of two golf clubs, and I have to go out a lot and be sociable with the boys."

"I know plenty of nice girls, but if I got married—well, I wouldn't have to give up a lot, wouldn't I now?"

This man's attitude is typical of the young Irishman who is determined not to get "hooked."

It is both a selfish and a scared attitude, and there is no doubt that the great majority of Irishmen suffer from it.

This was confirmed to me by Dubliner Mrs Biddie Brewster, who runs the only approved marriage bureau in Eire. Some of the Irish bachelors on her list have been waiting for as long as three years.

"I try to match them, time after time, with what I consider a suitable partner, but they keep coming back with some excuse or other."

I heard of another important factor, too. The average Irish girl saves her money, and has a dowry of about £300 or so—whereas the average Irishman has nothing in the bank, what with the money he spends on horse racing, dog racing, and drink!

No wonder so many girls emigrate from Southern Ireland!

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## Your breakfast gives you away . . .

By EILEEN ASCROFT

GOOD HEARTY MEALERS . . . bacon and eggs, sausages or kippers, marmalade, toast and butter, tea or coffee.

The energetic extrovert, who likes to get things done. Does not worry unduly or suffer with nerves. Usually very healthy and a sound sleeper. A good debater, but quick to forgive an inquiry.

Example: Conductor Sir Malcolm Sargent likes "a fairly large breakfast before rehearsals."

Eats in bed while he answers his letters. Varies the main dish each day.

Cautious

CEREAL EATERS . . . cereal with milk and sugar, tea or coffee.

THE kind of breakfast you eat is a key to your character. It was dietitian Vivian Sorbie who told me so. After ten meetings she guessed my normal breakfast . . . orange juice and black coffee. I asked a psychiatrist about this. 'Yes,' he said. 'People's eating habits are largely governed by their temperaments. After talking to a patient for 10 minutes I could guess fairly accurately how he likes to start the day.' Try it for yourself. Pick out your normal breakfast from the examples below, then see if the character reading matches up with your own.

coffee "too soupy in the mornings," and prefers tea and "an ENORMOUS plate of cereal."

A rebel BARE MINIMUM . . . fruit or juice, with tea or coffee.

The rebel, who reacts against ordered domesticity and routine jobs. Lots of energy here for things they like to do, very little if they are not interested. Stimulating companions, but don't take easily to humdrum married life.

Example: Actress Elizabeth Taylor rises late and breakfasts around 10 or 11 a.m. Takes tea or coffee "according to my mood," likes a tin of fruit with cream. "Usually prunes, but occasionally I lash out and have mandarin oranges instead."

Conscientious

TEA AND TOASTERS . . . tea, toast, butter and marmalade. The is the self-sacrificer, the conscientious person who prides himself on doing a good job and

giving value for money. Often drives himself too far and suffers accordingly. A loyal friend and married partner.

Example: Batterina Beryl Grey breakfasts on "whole-meal toast and tea, sometimes with the addition of fruit."

Artistic

CONTINENTAL STYLE . . . rolls and coffee, butter and marmalade or honey.

The artistic type, more interested in things creative than material. Usually generous and warm-hearted. But not good at budgeting or saving. Likes the gay things of life like good food, music and dancing.

Example: French actor J.-L. Louis Barrault—now appearing in London—eats a scanty Continental breakfast of coffee and rolls. "That is when I am in London. In France I have biccottes (a cross between a biscuit and a bun) instead of rolls." (Copyright)

## DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOING?

THIRTY-ONE is a good age. People still call you "Young man." You feel you can snap your fingers under anybody's nose. Your face has acquired those wrinkles that girls put down to experience.

But the day-dreams have faded. At heart, every man is something of a Walter Mitty.

Once, I dreamed of becoming the youngest captain in the Navy or the most popular portrait painter in London.

## Uncertainty

UNTIL I was 30 I could see myself clearing virgin land in the Yukon or sailing a trading schooner through the South Seas.



EXCLUSIVELY from people under 40 this New Year invitation to answer in detail: do you know where you're going? Those invited: people of ambition—some well-known writers, some from different spheres, entirely. The invitation is accepted first by a writer whose recent series in the China Mail, "The Sky People," commanded widespread praise

by TOM POCOCK

can find cynicism. But it is usually on the surface. The reporter who is cynical to the core is a bad reporter.

What is cynicism? Just the bright, paper-thin defence of an unsure mind.

I know two cynics. One a famous artist. The other a fashion model.

HE SAYS: "Only one thing can carry you through life and that is your own guts and courage. I believe in nothing but my own courage."

SHE SAYS: "I only believe in what I can see."

## Disaster

I PITY them. I hope that my own way ahead is not theirs. For him, there may be waiting only the struggle of his unsupported courage alone against disaster.

For her, there is a brief, butterfly life as hollow as her candy-striped halberd.

These two people believe only in themselves. In what else can they believe?

For the devoutly religious there is no problem. They deeply believe in the promises of their religion.

But for those who cannot share the comfort of secular religion—conviction, those puzzled by the conflicting claims of churchmen, those baffled by the immense facts of infinity and eternity—what is there for them?

## The Choice

CUT away the quarrelling and the quibbling, and get down to essentials. You can believe one of two things. Only two.

1 You can believe that man and his civilisation is a chemical accident. That, after

countless billion years of hot gas swirling through space, and after the millions of years in which this planet has crystallised and cooled and given birth to sluggish, unthinking life, man has arrived in a comparative moment of time. Man with his imagination and vision, his conscience and his sense of destiny.

But, you can believe, it is all an accident—signifying nothing.

2 Or you can believe that there is a purpose in the development of civilisation. That we are part of a great pattern that we cannot understand and is beyond the scope of our minds.

That we are working towards some goal beyond the horizon. That there is a greater thinking power than our own.

This I believe.

## Foundation

ONCE you can believe this you have a foundation for your life and you have the essential basis for religious thought. Upon this foundation the structure of your life can be built.

It must be built according to laws. Where can they be found? The best set of rules can be found in the New Testament. Simple rules. Difficult to keep. But the best there are.

This sounds amug I know. The cynic will say: "Why have rules if you are going to break them?"

I know two successful writers who believe this. They are both young and they like to think that they are so sensitive

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## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

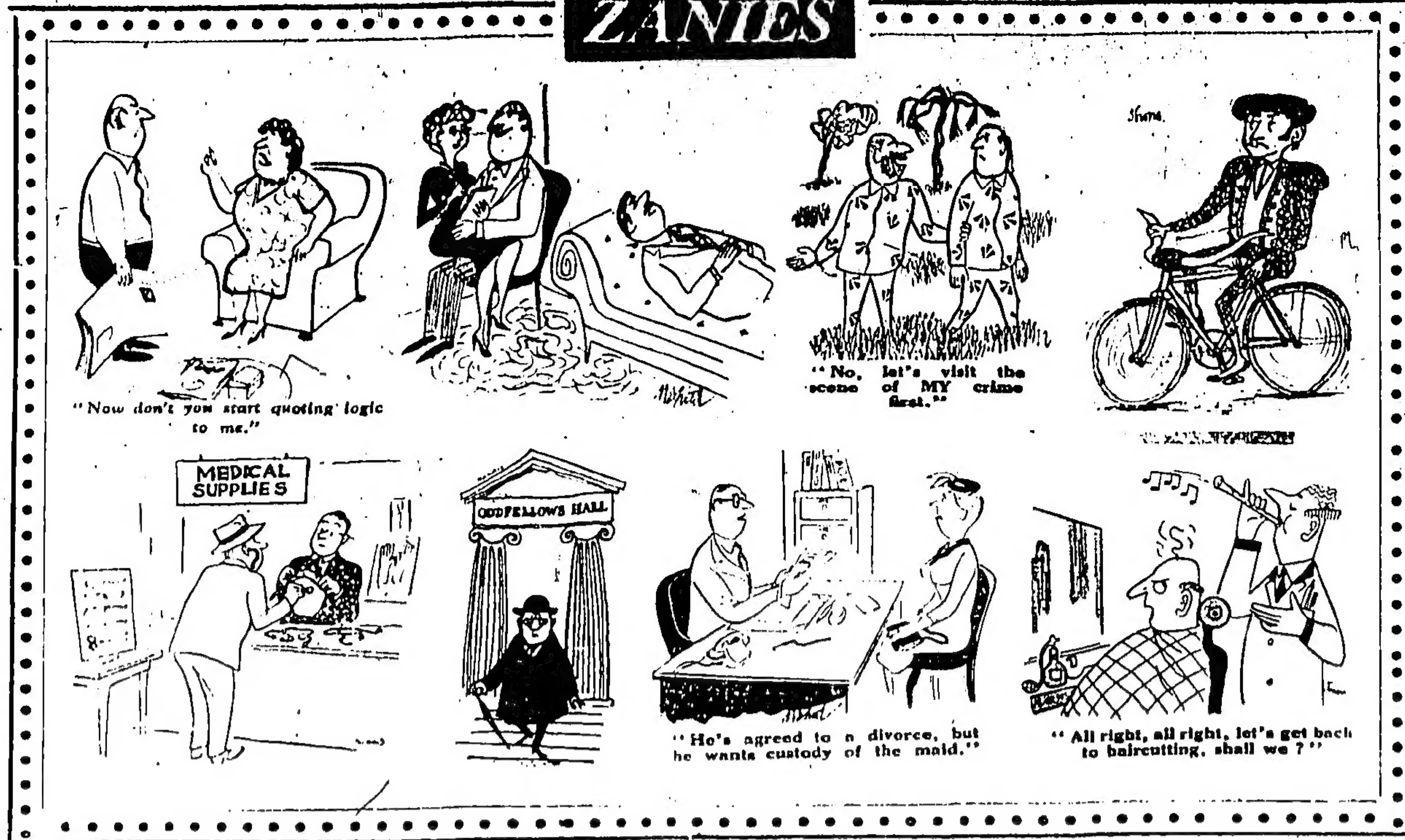








# ZANIES



LIMELIGHT takes a backward look at the people who made an impact in Show Business.

## MY TOP TEN OF 1956

None are picked because they had MORE of something than anyone else... one because he had LESS

IN naming the Show Business Personalities of 1956, the main difficulty is picking people who have not already been picked in 1955, 1956, or 1957. The problem is to find personalities who still cause pulpitations but do not yet suffer from them. So outstanding octogenarians are out.

Who does that leave? There are 10 people who have made an impact of one kind or another during 1956 that could be felt without the aid of a seismograph. Some of them did not make the kind of impact they had intended to make; some, I am sure, would rather not have made any impact at all; one or two of these can confidently look forward to making no impact whatsoever in 1957.

My Top Personalities demonstrated their superiority over others in their class by having more (of whatever it was that they had) than their nearest rival.

As far as CURVES are concerned, there is no doubt that Marilyn Monroe had more of them than any of the other contenders in this field. On her even the blue stocking that she has now taken to wearing looks good. The British public was ready to condone her excursion into the realms of higher thought as long as she did her high-waistling in low dresses.

They were not so ready to condone the long distances (not to mention private detectives) that she put between herself and her public; seductiveness is not enhanced by stand-offishness.

### Withdrawn

But as the new wife of a dedicated intellectual, Arthur Miller (the year's most notable exponent of brains), allowances were made for her. A girl who falls in love with intellect was bound to be a little withdrawn.

As a Monroe-aficionado, I am prepared to be understanding; her story reveals that she has always been one character in search of an author. It is undeniable that when she found him, she should cling to him. But I sincerely hope that she does not allow Mr. Miller's that Hollywood stinks.

brains to go to her head. This would be a calamity—for her. For Mr. Miller. And for us. Other headies who snuntered, wiggled, undulated and insinuated their way into the orbit of this column included (in order of sexiness) Sophia Loren, Brigitte Bardot, Dorothy Dandridge, Elsa Martinelli, Marlene Dietrich and Anita Ekberg.

From among these, I would name Loren as the PROVOCATION of the year. She is the most likely successor to Monroe when Marilyn eventually retires (with a professorship in Russian literature). She is admirably equipped to take over; not only does she have shape, she is also able to quote extensively and appreciatively from T. S. Eliot. The others will no doubt continue to snunter, wiggle, undulate and insinuate ad infinitum—if not longer (as Mr. Goldwyn might say).

The most STRIKING personality of the year was not Frank Sinatra (he didn't strike anyone—not even me) but Yul Brynner, who proved that having less of something than any of your rivals—in his case less hair—can also create an impact.

### No stunt

Mr. Brynner assured me when I met him that his drastic hairstyle was in no sense a stunt; that he shaved his skull every morning simply to save time and shampoos. He did not believe that men had to be handsome; whether we were unacquainted, fat, short, dark, fair, bald or hairy women loved us anyway as long as we were male.

As Mr. Brynner has established himself as a major star on the strength of one film and no hair, there may be something in what he says.

The most MESMERIC personality was Eartha Kitt, who looked like a Martian incognito, sang like a female Machiavelli and spent her free time when she was not telling us that she had got that lovin' bug itch, writing a highbrow autobiography and attending literary luncheons.

The most EXPLOSIVE personality of the year was Anna Herman, a mixture of Madonna and Miss Maudie who won an Oscar for her performance in "Rose, Isobel," despite saying "Rose, Isobel," despite saying

A young, penniless English writer, John Osborne, went one better and said that life sinks in a play called "Look Back in Anger" and became the most CONTROVERSIAL personality of the year. The danger in his case is that having reputedly made about £30,000 out of this one play he may find in 1957 that life doesn't sink quite so much, and so have nothing more to say.

The outstanding HOAXER of 1956 was Rosamond Brazill, who hit the headlines by, first, maintaining that he was the greatest Casanova since Casanova and, secondly, by denying it all—and producing his first wife, Lydia, as evidence of his respectability. It is not quite clear which of his two claims was the hoax.

### And Mom

Another notable hoaxer was Liberace who managed to convince an amazingly vast number of people that he was a brilliant pianist. In his case it was not all done by mirrors, but with good lame dinner jackets and Mom.

To him also must go the credit for the INGENUITY of the year when he chose to interpret the audience getting up to leave his concert as a "standing ovation." I said before that to quality as one of my Top Personalities the person concerned must have more of something than anybody else; Liberace had more suits.

I will give Diana Dors the benefit of the doubt and not include her marital conflicts with husband Dennis Hamilton among the hoaxes of the year. Miss Dors, however, qualifies for inclusion in my list because she made the SPLASH of the year.

The water in her Hollywood swimming pool was not the only thing on which she made an (unexpected) impact in 1956. Whether she fell, jumped or was pushed on that highly publicised occasion is irrelevant; at any rate it was a christening that the world heard about and Britain, in an austere year, gained a reputation as an exporter of fancy goods.

Finally, the SMARTEST personality of the year was Noel Coward who departed to Bermuda thus avoiding the income tax man, the petrol rationing and the smog—and the first night of his latest play, "Rude, With Violence." He also averted being at the death-bed of his reputation as the West End's smartest Old Thing.



## William Hickey

I HAVE between 30 and 40 neckties. A friend of mine, a fanatic, has 150.

I went along to a West End hotel where the Tie Manufacturers' Association was holding a meeting to find out what they are planning for us.

Mr. Frederick A. Rushman, a past president, told me that a thing called the "white walk" style is what men will be wearing soon.

He said: "These ties are made with a black and white warp which gives a light ground effect. It is the latest thing—very good for the business because they get dirty quickly."

He laughed over his joke. I didn't. And the maker of the original "Slim Jim" (string) tie, Mr. Sidney Davis, said this: "Ties will be slimmer, and the latest slim tie is called a 'Bobtail' or 'Italian.' It's narrow with a square end."

### ROCK AROUND...

A MAN who wants to brighten up the business man's life in London is Harry Smith—Hampshire—a dancer.

He is going to hold lunch-time rock 'n' roll sessions for business men—"keep them fit"—and has sent invitations to all the firms around.

London. I asked him if he has sent an invitation to his next-door neighbour. He laughed: "I'd hardly dare do that."

Smith—Hampshire's dancing school is next door to Lambeth Palace—London home of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

### AFTER WORK

AND here is a plan to brighten up the City of London at night... I'm glad to hear of it, too, for the City is as dead after 7 p.m. as any provincial city.

Captain Leo Ponté, a whisky importer, and members of the Wallbrook River Club plan to stage fashion shows after work for business men and business women... yacht races on the Thames on summer evenings... parties on barges.

### EATING—1

SOME of you may remember the days when oysters cost 2s. a dozen.

I don't. But I had the fact recalled for me by Mr. Charles Lines, clerk of works at St. Paul's Cathedral.

Oyster shells have been found under the black-and-white marble flooring at the west end of the cathedral, which is being replaced by workmen.

"Nothing very unusual," said Mr. Lines. "We occasionally find oyster shells in small groups. They were used for bedding the stones."

"I suppose about 50 or 100 years ago oysters cost about 6d. a dozen. I remember 30 years ago they used to be 2s. a dozen."

It's... in the West End today you can pay as much as 25s. for half a dozen...

## GOOD FOR BUSINESS: THEY DIRTY EASILY

3. You should not wear clothes of different colours.

4. It is quite correct to allow a lady to precede you down the stairs.

5. Never greet your host before removing your galoshes.

6. The hostess at a party should dress as modestly as possible.

7. It is correct for a young man to escort a lady home from a party—but first he must offer to accompany "older" people, invalids, and teachers.

She told me: "My father is still working. He has been in the civil business for 63 years and he has never once a week."

"He never has it with any thing—says it spoils the taste. He attributes his age to his regular life—regular sleep, regular eating, plenty of work... and civility."

I suppose it should have beneficial properties—at 25s. to 40s. for two ounces.

### MOSCOW MANNERS

I HAVE discovered that the Russians have a name for a male one. He is Comrade G. Puzis, a candidate of philosophical sciences, and a good Communist.

In an article published in Moscow, Comrade Puzis makes these class distinctions—

1. The left glove should be removed first. When putting them on, start with the left.

2. Your dress, suit, blouse, shirt, jacket, tie should be "in tone" when you go to a party.

There was no mention of rock 'n' roll in greetings this last Christmas, because, mercifully, it had never been heard of when Miss Herdsman and her colleagues invented them in 1954. And before the January bargains are off the store counters, the big-buys will have chosen their card designs for Christmas, 1957.

This year a bigger percentage of the expected 50 million cards posted in Britain will have a religious motif, and at the moment a sophisticated simple card of Santa Claus and his sleigh leads the popularity poll in the shops.

Special category cards addressed to wives at 1s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. or teachers at 7½d. ("And it's grand to have a teacher who's especially nice like you") are unfortunately expected to litter mantelpieces and TV tops in ever-increasing numbers.

"Plain words, nicely lettered, are what the public is looking for," said Miss Herdsman of her own contributions.

But if you are thinking of doing it yourself and being your own boss, take a tip from an old hand.

"Get something of the true spirit of Christmas. Into every card, and if you are writing in rhyme, remember to put 'robin' in the middle."

Miss Forbes was taken to hospital with pneumonia nine months ago.

Three months later she was transferred to a Sussex sanatorium.

And she was warned she might have to take life very easily in the future.

I hear that Miss Forbes, once sought after both as a top fashion and an artist's model, is not to start fashion work immediately.

But she is out of hospital... and back again in the little terraced house in Chelsea which is her home.

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## Miss Herdsman is busy with Christmas 1958

I TRY TO GET FIRST-HAND REACTIONS...

I SEE THE TROUBLE PEOPLE TAKE WITH

### CHRISTMAS CARDS

London. AT the top of a two-flight Georgian staircase bristling with royal warrants, in a small room clearly marked "Cashier's Office," I found the white-haired editor of the nation's largest and oldest Christmas card firm.

But December 25, 1956, was a thing of the past for her. She was busy typing out 365 household hints for a 1958 calendar.

In navy pinstripe, grey woolly, and 18½, 65-year-old Miss Nora Herdsman has now been composing kindly thoughts and yuletide greetings, rhymed and unrhymed, for nearly 30 years.

"I started on calendars like this," she said, showing me a 1929 picture of Dick Swiveller with a wedge of tear-off dates below him, "and I had to find a suitable quotation for each day." Longfellow, Tennyson, Burns and the Bible provided first-class literary ammunition, but "schoolboy howlers" and "kitchen hints" were more difficult to find.

### FIRST ATTEMPT

On the day when Dickens yielded no fitting culinary phrase for a cooking calendar, Miss Herdsman made up her first verse.

When life is full of things to do, And things to boil and bake, Remember it's the lightest heart That makes the lightest cake.



BY ROMANY BAIN

"It's worried me ever since that it's not always true," she said.

The management realised they had a natural Laureate on the premises, and Miss Herdsman was rapidly promoted to the editorship, Christmas Card Section. She has been in full-scale production ever since.

"My house is full of bits of paper because I never know when I am going to find a batch of verses churning round in my head," she said.

For each design of bibulous coachmen or freckle-dogged-by-mustard's slippers, she provides a choice of four varied greetings. They include a dignified phrase of austere prose, a humorous jingle, and a couple of jolly holly rhymes to suit every sort of customer.

Miss Herdsman's inspirations adorn all the birthday, mother's day, and get-well-soon cards as well. "I think I enjoy writing Valentines as

much as any," she said, showing me an 1890 plush fringed model from her collection. "I can let myself rip on those."

Her first embarrassing moment in the firm was caused by her enthusiasm for February 14. Mr. Desmond Tuck, her new boss, called her in (as he still does) to read her latest composition aloud. It was for a card showing a rather over-ripe fruit sundae.

You are the cream on my strawberries, And the peach on my Melba, too. There are many sweet things in life, sweetheart, But the sweetest of all is you.

"I would not have minded so much if the barber had not been lathering his chin at the time," she chuckled.

### NOT IN TIME

Nowadays she is more hardened, but she still makes a point of standing behind customers in the shops to get first-hand reactions. "It shows me how careful I must be, and how much the message means, when I see the trouble people take. Though I don't suppose they choose them for the verses only," she added modestly.

### ADVICE

Special category cards addressed to wives at 1s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. or teachers at 7½d. ("And it's grand to have a teacher who's especially nice like you") are unfortunately expected to litter mantelpieces and TV tops in ever-increasing numbers.

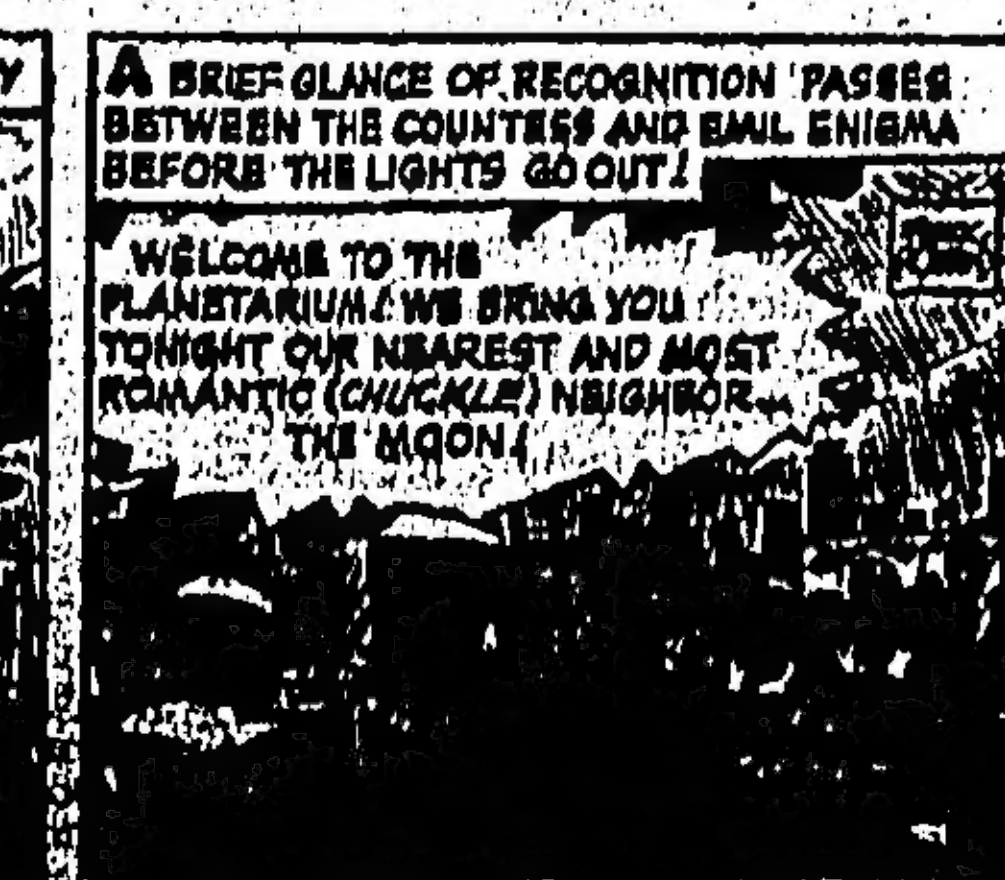
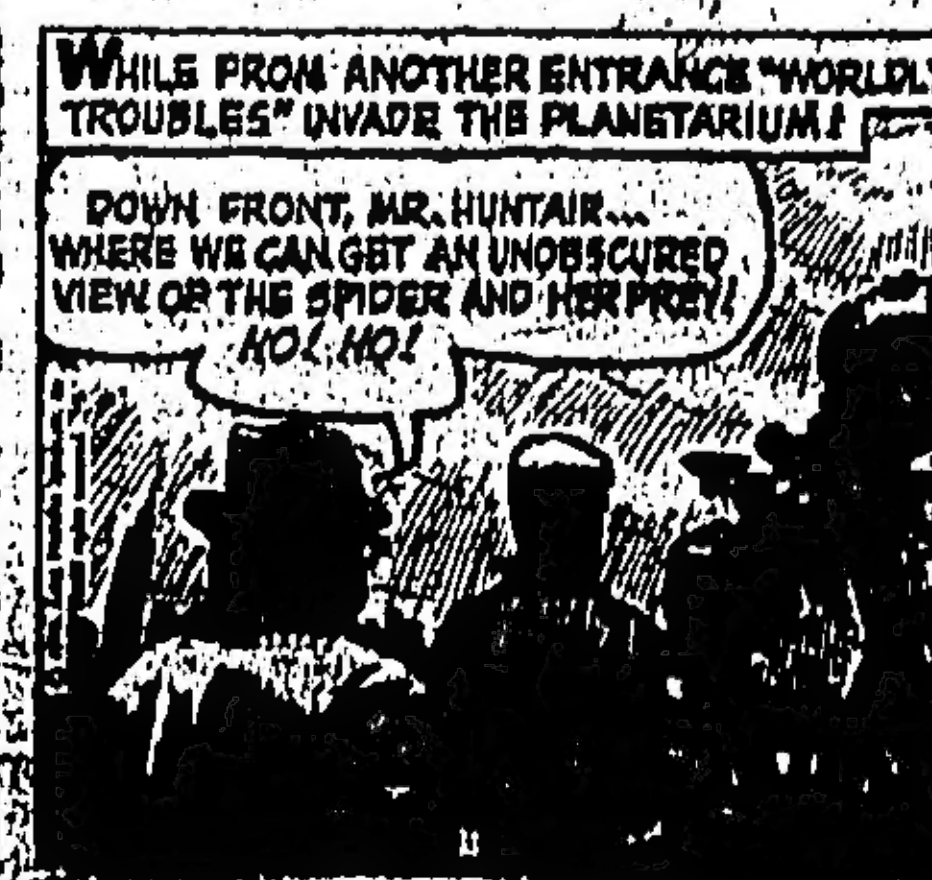
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### JOHNNY HAZARD



### By Frank Robbins



## WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

## Party Dresses For Teenagers—Designed Along Two Lines



## A 'waif's' wardrobe

BY ANNE SCOTT-JAMES

HAVING a secret jealousy of little waif-like women, I don't write for them as often as I should.

But as they make a formidable host (3,000,000 women in Britain of 5ft. 2ins. or less), I have buried my ill-feeling to study their fashion problems.

I have been talking to one of the best-dressed waifs in London—five-foot-two—Maureen Swanson, whose looks and charm are shooting her far.

Maureen Swanson soon confirmed what I had long suspected about waifs.

"I like to look romantic," she said, "but I must warn you, I'm frightfully competent. Don't let my little-girl look take you in for a minute."

I thanked her for the warning.

## A Point To Insist On

"Apart from liking romantic clothes, I think the important thing for small women is to insist on well-proportioned clothes. Go for a good waistline and as long-legged a look as you can get."

"Skirts, for instance. Day skirts must be short to make legs look longer. And for evening all my dresses are short or ballet length. Long skirts drown me in a tidal wave."

"Then I fight to get my dresses cut long enough in the bodice. Many ready-made dresses are too short-waisted."

She told me in detail how she selects her waif's wardrobe.

**DAY CLOTHES.** "I go for anything that gives a small waist. Skirts with short sweaters. Close-fitted dresses in smooth fabrics. Or very full dresses very nipped in. I don't agree that small women can't wear full skirts. I think they give importance."

**COATS.** "I never wear them. I'd much rather freeze. Coats seem to swamp me and I prefer to suffer in a good suit."

**HATS.** "I never wear them, but this is nothing to do with my height. It's because I like lots of romantic-looking hair. If I have to wear a hat, I have it black and minute so it doesn't show."

**EVENING DRESSES.** "Always short, and swathed or draped to give a beautiful waistline. For



Swathed waist, ballet length, barefoot shoes: three evening pointers for small women. Maureen Swanson (five foot two) goes dancing in a white slipper satin dress by Simonetta.

a wrap, just a stole—again, for good proportion. I don't worry about a little thing like cold arms."

**SHOES.** "Naturally, very high heels. And barefoot shoes make legs look longer. Even in the country I never wear flatters. I find country shoes with some sort of heel, and the country can frown as much as it likes."

**ACCESSORIES.** "Small, plain, and simple. I can't stand amusing accessories. Plain handbags, gloves, and perhaps just one piece of jewellery."

I found these fashion theories individual and refreshing—not all small women will agree with them.

But having seen Miss Swanson around a lot in the last few months, I promise you they work.

## Teenage Fashions

Well, it's happened.

I report good news for school-girls... of the cleverest women in the fashion business—the blonde firework, Beld Chantelle—has designed a special range of clothes for girls from nine to 17.

The best bit about it is that Beld Chantelle has a red-headed daughter of her own, aged 13, and she knows all the problems and most of the answers.

## SPORTSGIRLS GET A NEW DEAL

By HAZEL MEYRICK

UNTIL now, the girl who actually plays games, instead of standing around and watching them, has had a raw deal from the fashion designers.

Having found that the fellow tennis dress which looks so sweet doesn't leave room to breathe, the gay shirt-blower rises up and wrinkles every time she swings a golf club, the sportsgirl has had in the past, to resort to dull but worthy garments which give her room to move around but which do nothing at all for her appearance.

A designer who has changed all this is Teddy Tingling, who makes clothes for Wimbledon tennis stars. He has now launched his own playclothes collection through a British dress manufacturer, and they are on sale all over the world.

There are good, woman-like sports outfits, designed with an eye on current fashion, and gay playclothes as well, for the not-too-serious sports like sun-bathing and being seen on the beach.

## ITS SECRET

For the girl who is keen on her game, Teddy Tingling has now perfected a sports suit that, miraculously, looks well-fitting and sleek, and stays put, even when its wearer is in the midst of battle on the tennis court. The secret of its success lies in the 10 cunningly-placed darts which fit and flatter you in action, without spoiling the shape of the shirt. It comes in many designs, and colours, is as equally good for the girl who just prefers to watch.

For the girl who likes to look decorative on the tennis court, and still play a good game, there is an abbreviated dress with an Empire line look about it, made in quick-drying spun Terylene. It has its own short coat, in transparent Terylene organza, banded with pale blue satin ribbon, to enable you to compete, at tea interval time, with the spectators who have merely dressed up and draped themselves around the edge of the court.

Some new, tougher fabrics for sportswear are on the way. There is, for instance, an orlon and wool mixture, which makes a white pleated skirt possible for golf, which can be laundered in a jiffy and dries quickly without getting that yellowish tinge about it. There's a new Bedford cord fabric with a water-repellent, spot-resistant finish which doesn't mind if you finish your game in a rainstorm, and a tailoring weight cotton which looks box-fresh and refuses to crease.

Playclothes, generally, are being given new stain-resistant finishes, and a good thing too, for while the use of the snow-white sundress that looks like a dream the first time you step out in it, but obstinately refuses to shed, in the wash-tub, the inevitable spots of the beach—tar marks, sea-weed stains and drips from ice-cream cones.

The beachwear look for 1937, incidentally, tends to be more covered-up. Better than the strapless sun-top, which has an unpleasant habit of scoring against the skin, is the cache-cœur—a bright, abbreviated bolero which is sleeveless, has a low-cut neckline to catch the maximum sunshine, and is darcied to fit you closely. The cache-cœur can be worn on its own as a sun-top, with shorts or skirt, or can be buttoned over a plain dress to give it a gay look.

It's becoming more and more difficult to tell the difference between pyjamas for the beach and for the bedroom, between the frilly baby-doll nightgown and the frilly baby-doll nightdress. As beach clothes revert to the lingerie look, and nightwear becomes bolder, it will soon be possible to play our beach clothes from the lingerie department, and reserve for the night in last year's now-length beach suit, without anyone knowing the difference.

For the girl who likes to be noticed, there's a beach outfit in a typical lingerie fabric—white nylon jersey, a bra and

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Black and white poplin is used for this calf-length playsuit with mortar-board hat designed by Olympic Sportswear.

parts topped by a diminutive draped beach dress, complete with stole, banded under the bosom, Grecian-style. It's for the girl with the perfect figure, who likes other people to notice it.

## Does A Pretty Face Greet Your Husband?

In most families, dinner time's the bright spot that marks an end to the day's occupations, the beginning of a pleasant do-as-you-please evening.

Mr. Husband heads home from the office and what greets him?

That's a question only you can answer. Is it a pretty, attractive wife or one who looks utterly exhausted by housework and the children?

If the latter's the case, lady, better mend your ways. All right, maybe you've had a harder day than Mrs. Had. But let's admit this one thing: no matter what, a woman wants her husband's admiration and love. The sure way to have both is to keep attractive and cheerful.

Call a truce to troubles when the dinner hour's at hand. Forget the day's occupations. Concentrate on one thing—that man in your life.

Take 15 minutes to spruce up for his return from work. Put on fresh make-up, a pretty house frock. The bright impression you make is sure to outshine the five o'clock shadow of his exhaustion.

What's more, the fact that you look nice—and happy—is bound to raise your own spirits, make you forget that it's been one of those days when nothing went right.

—JIANNE D'ARCY

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**GOLDEN SYRUP**

Black and white poplin is used for this calf-length playsuit with mortar-board hat designed by Olympic Sportswear.

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THE great plumes of a Han Dynasty warrior (worn by Mr James Zaemin Lee) depicted "Valour" in a colourful New Year fantasy at Shatin Heights Hotel, and in the early hours of 1957 dominated the dance floor. (Staff Photographer)



THESE two señoritas (Lorna Wong and Barbara Cheng) and their castanets were a gay part of a charity ballet display given by pupils of Miss Larissa Tzar at the Empire Theatre. (Staff Photographer)



NEW food and strange places... large and small skips of the U.S. Navy took aboard 500 children for turkey and plum pudding on Christmas Day. This guest brought his own chopsticks. (U.S. Navy)



RIGHT: At the Registry, and just married... Mr and Mrs William Baxter Schellurup. Mrs Schellurup was Miss Susan Merrill. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: The six elders of Kowloon Tong Church at their annual dinner. Left to right: Mrs C. W. Ho, Mrs M. W. Lee, Mr M. W. Lee, Mr C. K. Chu, the Rev John Bechtel, and Mr P. C. Kwok. (Staff Photographer)



AMONG the prettiest brides (and gowns) to issue from the Registry last week was the former Miss Carol Wei. She is the daughter of Mr and Mrs C. Y. Wei and is seen with her husband, Mr S. Y. Wang. (Staff Photographer)



MR and Mrs R. A. J. L. Wragg drive off after a pretty wedding in the serviceman's Church of St Michael at Kai Tak. The bride is the former Miss Alice Wong. (Staff Photographer)



CHILDREN showed plenty signs of life on New Year's Day when several hundred of them romped through the afternoon at the Kowloon Cricket Club, gaily decorated for its 43rd Annual Children's Sports. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: The first birthday of Master Suresh Moti, son of Mr Motiram A. Mahbubani, was an occasion for a gathering of relatives and friends.

BELOW: Chinese Ex-Interporters and Non-Chinese Ex-Interporters crowd in a goal mouth at the floodlit Hongkong Football Club Stadium. Their friendly game, a curtain-raiser before the Governor's Cup match, ended in a 2-2 draw. (Staff Photographer)

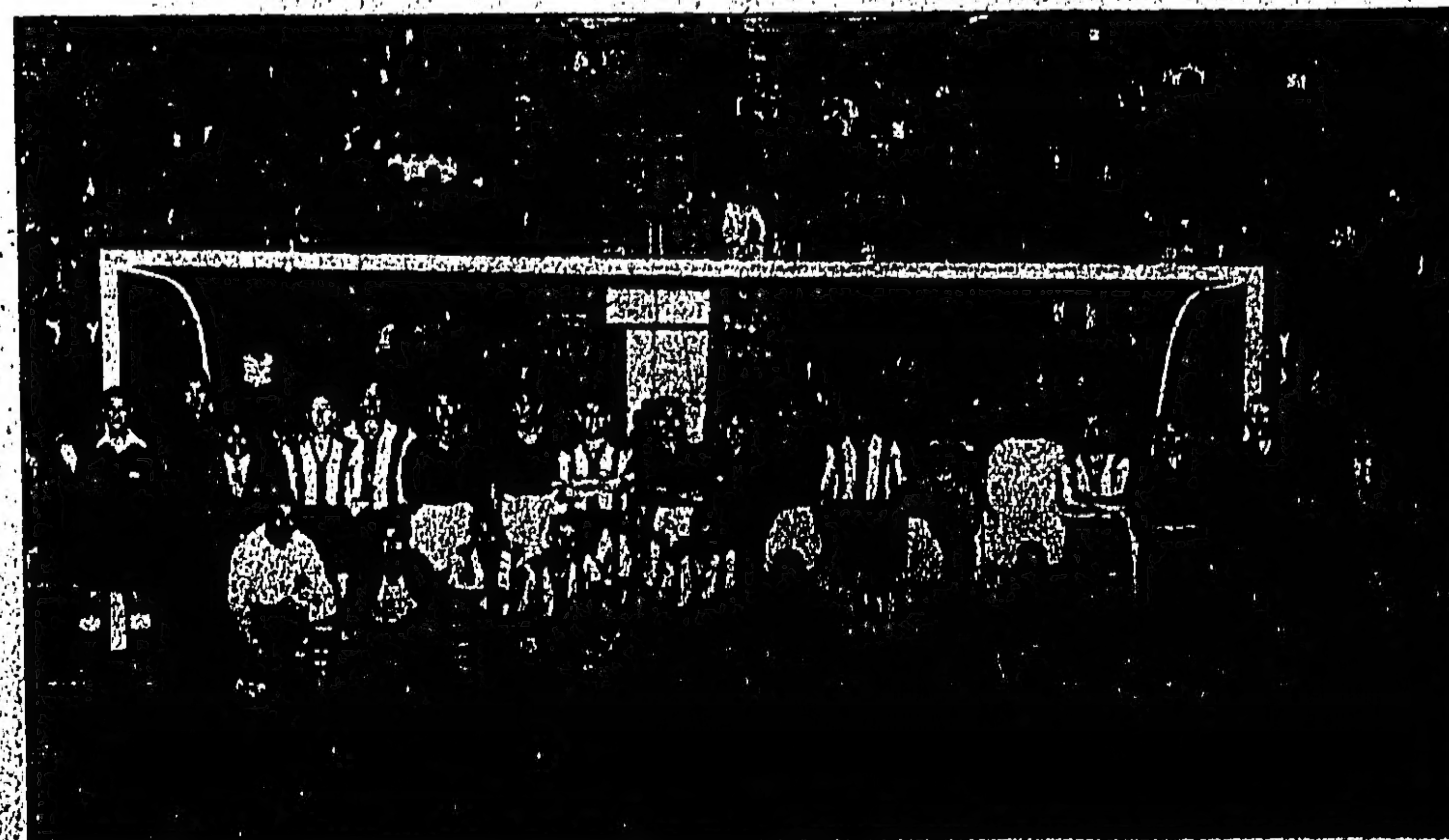


GOVERNMENT Social Welfare Officer Mr K. Keen and Miss Dorothy Lee stood knee deep in children at a number of parties over the Christmas period. Here they are seen at the Queen Elizabeth Youth Centre, Kowloon, among some of 1,600 members of the Boys and Girls Clubs organisation. (Staff Photographer)

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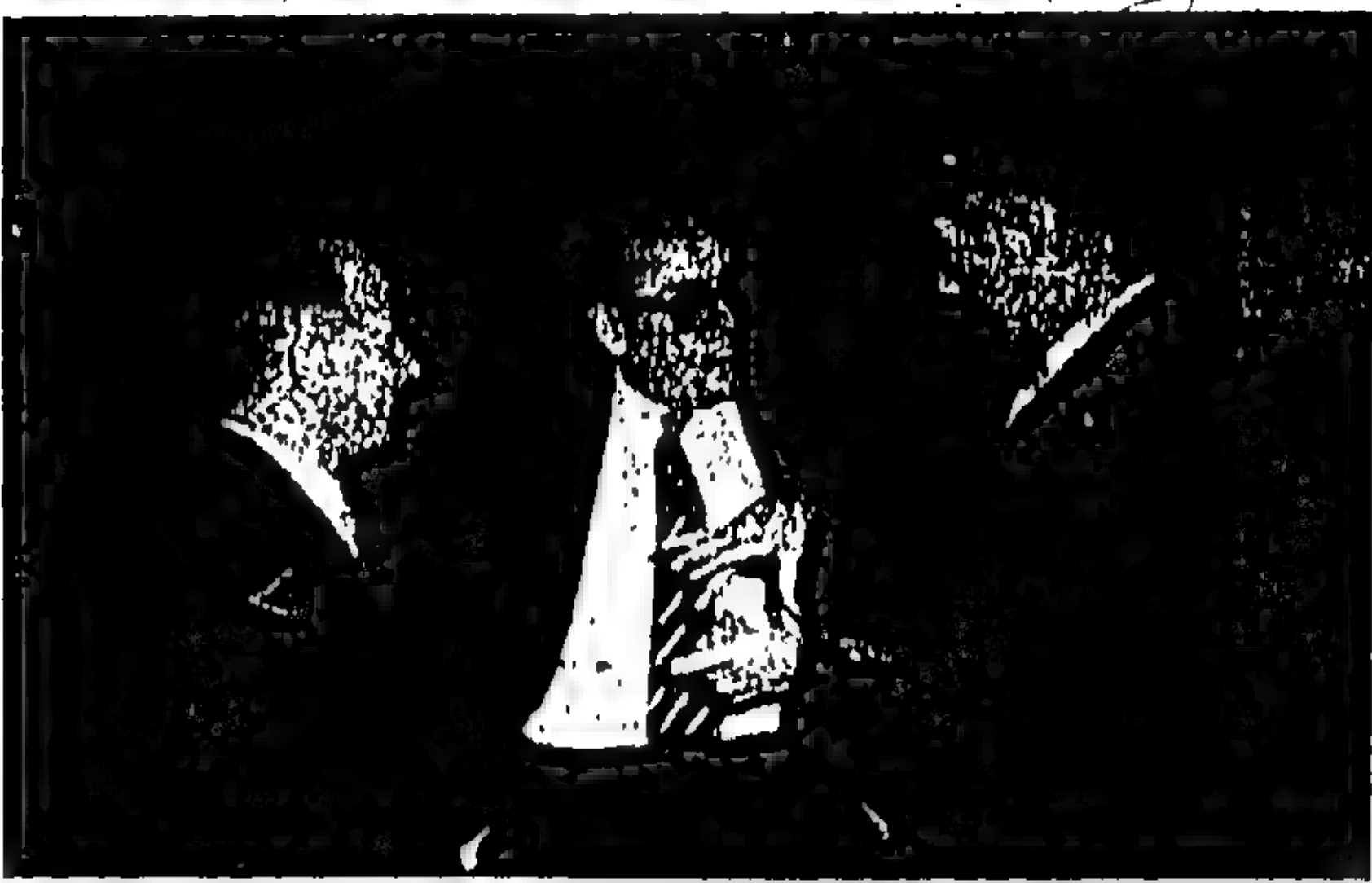
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THE Kowloon Cricket Club had one of the largest crowds ever for its New Year's Eve dance. Picture shows the party at the table of the Club President, Mr. R. E. Leo. (Staff Photographer)



MR. T. Pilkington (right), President of the Vespa Club, with Mr. F. M. Ribairo (centre) and Mr. E. J. Chaland at the Club's dinner dance held last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



MR. Charles Strange (left), Superintendent of Sanitary Services, Urban Council, who has retired after 33 years' service, pictured with (from left) Mrs. G. H. A. Morris, Mrs. Strange and the Hon. D. R. Holmes, Chairman of the Urban Council, at the farewell dinner given by his colleagues at the Kam Ling Restaurant. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: His Honour Judge J. Reynolds, District Judge (fourth from left), was entertained last Saturday at a farewell dinner by his colleagues of the Judiciary Department before his departure for Nigeria, where he is to become a Judge of the High Court of the Eastern region. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: The Junior Chamber of Commerce annual party at Winner House. Picture shows, from left: Mrs. Francis J. Chen, Mr. A. de O. Sales (Jaycee World President), Mr. Y. C. Hui (President, Hongkong Chapter), Mrs. Sales and Mr. Francis J. Chen. (Staff Photographer)



MR. Chan Hung-man (right), winner of the annual road race in Kowloon on New Year's Day, congratulated by Mr. Au Chung-hon, who came second. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Children from the Portland Street Centre of the SPC were last week guests of the NCO's and airmen of the RAF at a Christmas party. Here Sgt. D. Barraclough shows the kiddies how to make their toy planes go. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: By defeating a combined Royal Navy-RAF side last Sunday, Hongkong Cricket Club won the annual triangular cricket tournament. Picture is of those who took part. (Staff Photographer)



FATHER CHRISTMAS is helped by a Civil Aid Services warden as he goes round distributing toys and gifts at the CAS children's party held at the Kowloon Training Centre. (Staff Photographer)

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PETROL PROSPECTS

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# VERDI MUST SHARE THE BLAME FOR NASSER'S DELUSION

**SIR BEVERLEY BAXTER MP**  
debunks the legend of Egypt's greatness

London  
It was in the year 1924 when a messenger came to my office at the Daily Express and said that Lady Drummond Hay was in the waiting room and wanted to see me urgently. Adjoining my tie I told him to show her in.

She was a pretty woman with Eastern eyes and black eyelashes an inch long. In fact she was a perfect example of *la femme fatale*. Mystery surrounded her like a cloak.

In a deep and attractive voice she told me what I already knew—that Zagoul Pasha, the Prime Minister of Egypt, was in London demanding concessions that the British Government could not make.

"There will be assassinations in Egypt when he returns," she said. "I am a good writer and I will go there for you to cover the news."

It was a gamble but probably worth it, so I drew some money for her from the cashier—and off she went. Those were the days before airplanes hopped across oceans as if they were pools.

## KILLED

ABOUT three days after her arrival in Egypt it was announced that the London discussions with Zagoul Pasha had broken down. Then came a flash from Cairo. Sir Lee Stack, the British Sirdar in Egypt, had been assassinated.

It was an enormous story, and while the London newspaper correspondents were sailing painfully to Egypt Lady Drummond Hay cabled the Daily Express the whole story day by day in very good journalism. In fact, it was one of the biggest scoops for many years.

Ramsay MacDonald was Prime Minister at the time, and we wondered how he would deal with the crisis. Actually he handled the matter with unusual firmness. There had been previous attempts of assassination against British officials, and MacDonald demanded reparations and a public demonstration of remorse in Cairo.

I have recalled that incident because Egypt is going to be big news for some time, and it might be just as well if we examined the claims of that country, which are based partly on romanticism and partly on sheer greed.

Verdi must share some of the blame. When he wrote the Opera "Aida" to commemorate the opening of the Suez Canal, the trumpets of the Grand March went straight to the legend of greatness, power and glory in the far off years was an inevitable development.

## FAILURE

AGAIN and again President Nasser has been hailed as a patriot who risked the anger of the Western world to bring back some of the glory and splendour of his ancient country.

It is always a cruel thing to debunk a legend, but the truth is that Egypt, despite her ancient lineage, was never a truly great nation at any time in her history. In fact, her story is one of constant failure to achieve real eminence, despite passing periods of glory.

It may be that because Egypt suffered from the constant inroads of stronger powers even in the centuries before Christ she was unable to achieve power among the nations.

## INVADED

HER people were intelligent enough, for as every schoolboy knows (or ought to know) it was the Egyptians who invented the solar calendar way back in 45 B.C. In fact the calendar was universally accepted, with adjustments, throughout the world.

It is not necessarily to their discredit that the Egyptians have never been a warlike race. They were always being invaded and occupied. Yet they did produce a great queen in Cleopatra, whose physical charms were enhanced by

a vivid imagination and no mean intellect.

Both Shakespeare and Shaw immortalised Cleopatra in plays that will be remembered for ever. No wonder her name is held in pride by the moderns of the Nile. You will remember that the great Anthony was so enamoured of her beauty and her mind that he invaded Egypt so that he could come to grips with the ravishing young queen.

Egypt lost that war, but defeat is the refrain of Egyptians over and over again. To their credit let it be said that they always fought, but, unhappily, they were nearly always beaten.

Nevertheless, Egypt has every right to be proud of a Queen like Cleopatra, whose beauty and intelligence lit an undying beacon of romance which has illuminated the centuries.

Yet over and over again, as one studies the fascinating history of this people, we find the recurring verdict: "This period of Egypt's history is a melancholy story of disintegration and defeat, relieved but occasionally by a short spell of partial recovery."

## ALEXANDER

ALEXANDER the Great, who spent his whole life making war, took Egypt in his stride and then tried to placate his victim by offering a sacrifice to the Egyptian gods. Still moved by a spirit of generosity he held a Greek gymnastic and musical festival just to show the Egyptians that he was not as bad a chap as they thought.

As a special compliment to the people he had ravaged he marched his army down the Western arm of the Nile and founded Alexandria, which was named after him.

Nor did his benevolence stop there. He founded two other Greek cities on Egyptian territory, gave them self-government and even passed a law permitting Romans to marry with Egyptians.

And were the Egyptians grateful? They were not. Alexander, like the ancient Anthony, found that there was no way of pleasing the Egyptians except by getting out of their country.

But the Romans kept on trying. Under a benevolent law of 1914, Egypt was proclaimed a special status, as a dominion of the Roman Empire. More than that, for British soldiers could enter Egypt without special permission. Naturally the Egyptians expected to get

something out of it, and in due time it was the year 20 B.C.—a bunch of Roman tax collectors turned up to collect money from the conquered.

Did the Egyptians welcome them with open arms and an understanding mind? They did not. Instead, they staged a rebellion. Needless to say, the rebellion was crushed brutally and speedily.

But the Emperor Augustus was a good fellow at heart, and he decided to develop Egypt for the Egyptians. He repaired and deepened irrigation canals, thus fertilising the soil and bringing much derelict land under cultivation.

## VACUUM

THE truth is that the Romans were a highly civilised race and accepted the responsibility of the conqueror. Wherever they went—and that included Britain—they gave much more than they took. I am sorry to report that the Britons were just as ungrateful as the Egyptians although the Romans built roads and gave civilisation to the un-civilised from Land's End to John O'Groats.

But Egypt's troubles were not over when the Romans decided that they had had enough. The Arabs, realising that nature abhors a vacuum, invaded Egypt and, with the collaboration of the native population, beat them up in no time.

And now, if your patience is not exhausted, we shall come down to more recent times.

It was in 1882 that Great Britain, having inherited the mantle of authority from Rome, occupied Egypt. Personally I prefer the word "occupied" to "conquered."

## PROTECTION

AND what did the Britons do? They did as they always did. They reformed taxation, sealed down the rates of interest which were unfair, created courts of justice, and proceeded to give the Egyptians security from invasion.

The great Lord Kitchener went there and stayed from 1911 to the outbreak of war in 1914. During his time he laid the foundation of an Egyptian Parliament, protected the people from exploitation and money-lenders, and cleared up corruption in all directions.

In the last year of his governorship, the fateful year of 1914, Egypt was proclaimed a British protectorate.

Now let us try to assess the benefits that came to Egypt under the authority of Great Britain. The word "benefits" is a member of the class of

# THE BLINDED JOURNALIST FIGHTS BACK

VICTOR REISEL, who lost his sight in a vicious acid attack by America's new gangsters, says: "I carry on with my campaign not because I am a hero but because I am a newspaperman. This is my beat and I have to work on it..."

By ALAN BREIN

New York.  
"MEET me in the Plaza Hotel lobby," said the voice on the telephone. "I am a little guy with dark glasses. And I shall have with me two very big guys. Make sure you come in by the southern entrance and sit on the ottoman between the Persian Room and the ladies room. Perhaps you'd better bring some proof of your identity with you."

## REAL LIFE

It sounded like the opening paragraph of a Mickey Spillane thriller. But this was real life in New York now. And I was stepping momentarily into the

middle of a true crime story which for brutality, drama, and ruthlessness cannot be equalled by any Hollywood pedlar of nightmares.

My date was with Victor Reisel, who carries a gallon of 100-per-cent-proof courage in his pint-size body. America's most famous labour columnist, Reisel has fought for 23 years to expose within the unions the twin underworlds of crime and Communism. Eventually the gangsters struck back in their traditional and evil way. Early one morning, as he left Lindy's Restaurant on Broadway, he jolly noted a broadway moaning around. "Hey," said the man and threw something straight into Reisel's face.

It was a bottle of acid and the columnist sank to his knees, tortured by "the sharpest, most painful burning I ever felt."

## IN AGONY

It is typical of Reisel that, as the ghastly fluid etched indelible tear stains down his face, he should shout in agony: "I'm hit by acid. I won't be able to read."

That was eight months ago and since that day Victor Reisel has been blind. But his fight goes on. And he remains the closely guarded key witness in the case against Johnny Dio, alleged master-mind, behind the attack.

I followed his telephoned instructions to the last detail. Reisel was 15 minutes late and his huge companions, in bulging suits with swollen attempts, were obviously armed members of New York's detective bureau. Despite his blindness, 41-year-old Reisel led me confidently through the crowded tea-room along a mirrored corridor and down some steep steps into a deserted basement where we could talk in privacy and safety. The police stood on guard at each entrance.

## HE GRINNED

Reisel sat down carefully on a sofa. He smoothed back his thin dark hair, straightened his tie, and dusted down his sleeves and trousers with tidy hands. He grinned. "Ask me what you want. I'll answer if I can."

And this is what Reisel had to say about American gangsters: "The new mobsters are in industry and regard themselves as businessmen with guns. They sell industrial peace at a price. They shift pickets. They buy off the law for a dividend. It is a racket endemic to America."

"Control of a union is worth a fortune. They can use the rank and file as a private army lieutenant. And it is the union members who are most gully. They are disciplined only for strikes and not for self-government."

About union prosperity: "When your Hugh Galtsook came here last May at the invitation of the Garment Workers' Union, he travelled as a tourist. He thought they could not afford to pay first class fares. In fact, they have funds of a hundred million. And I mean pounds not dollars. A regional organizer here gets more than your top union leader in England."

## ATTUNED

I had silently taken out a cigarette while he talked. But his ears were now exquisitely attuned to his blindness and he whipped out a lighter and lit my cigarette exactly on its tip. He went on to talk about the advantages of being a journalist without eyes.

"On TV I now add lip all my comments as I never dared do before. I am the only commentator on a national network who has no script. Blindness has unfrozen me a little."

"When I lecture now I cannot see the yawns or the sour faces and I don't give a damn about what people think of me any more. "Without bravado I must insist that nothing has really changed. I feel as if I had always been a blind man. And I carry on with my campaign not because I am a hero but because I am a newspaperman. This is my beat and I have to work on it."

## A STRANGER

The four of us, two journalists and two policemen, traced our way through the underground maze back to the lounge full of tinkling tea cups and palm-leaf music. I went out into the Manhattan darkness, a safe and anonymous stranger among the skyscrapers. Reisel stayed among the lights, a worn-out Samson who remains a constant threat for the vengeance of the thugs who rise on the back of the working man.

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HONGKONG



POCKET CARTOON  
by OSBERT LANCASTERMR LOSS WINS  
IN THE  
LONG RUN

IN Denmark Street, a London thoroughfare that is paved with sour grapes, you can hear them say in their curious lan-

guage: "We just don't dig it, Man."

What they do not dig (or understand), Man, is the fact that here we are in 1957 and there is Joe Loss, the boy from the East End and now resident in the Regent's Park area, still at the top in the band business.

After 26 years.

A penurious saxophonist, in a lapel-less sports coat, says, "Why, the man is positively archaic. Only last week I heard him play 'Knees Up Mother Brown' in a dance hall."

## Hard way up

AN opulent Joe Loss, in a 40-Aguena suit (with lapels), says: "What's wrong with 'Knees Up Mother Brown'? The public still like it. Oh, I give them rock 'n' roll when the occasion demands. But if the public like the old ones why shouldn't they get them?"

"You can get too clever in this business. Like playing music only professional musicians and university jazz clubs can understand."

All this Joe Loss says while still holding on to the grin that has left his face in 20 years as a band leader.

In that times not one grey hair has managed to creep through his bristle-moist, high-gloss black hair.

In a business that is as precarious as a French Cabinet appointment, Joe Loss came up the hard way—but by the shortest available route.

At seven he was practicing the violin in the hope of becoming another Kreisler. At 15 he was playing background music to silent films.

By 1930 he was leading his own band in a London dance hall.

As a recording artist he worries little over the fact that

his gramophone records are not nudging the temporary greas like Elvis Presley in the Hit Parade.

In his North Gate, Regent's Park, home, he looks up at two Carl-Alan trophies (the Oscar of the dance band leaders' world) and says: "I take my time, but I do all right."

"My records may take a little longer than Presley's to sell, but I get there just the same in the end. I recorded 'In The Mood' close on 20 years ago, and I reckon that by now it's sold two million records."

During the three months in the year that Joe Loss spends in the precincts of his home you might find him relaxing with his family. With Mrs Mildred Loss as their audience, Joe Loss will play the violin, 10-year-old Jennifer Loss will play the piano, 14-year-old David Loss will play the clarinet.

RECORD  
ROUND

by RAMSDEN GREIG

Joe Loss, who makes two records a month for His Master's Voice, has issued his party piece record—"Dance At Your Party" (HMV, 78 r.p.m.).

It includes such antiquated pieces as "I Came I Saw I Conquered," "The Charleston," "John Brown's Body," "She'll Be Coming Round the Mountain," and "Knees Up Mother Brown." There is only a curious contribution concerned with modern jazz—"Rock Around the Clock."

## Picasso mouth

ANITA ROSS (formerly Anita Macaulay Allan Short) is 24, has the sultry look, and a mouth that has been described as looking as if it had been made up in the dark by Picasso. She has been in show business for 20 years and in a varied career that has included

filming in Hollywood, singing bi-lingually in Paris cabaret, acting for Orson Welles and creating a considerable impression in the London production of "Cranks," thus acquired among her press cuttings some off-beat tributes. Someone once called her the coolest thing since cucumber. The American magazine Downbeat voted her 1953's New Star. Another magazine, however, voted her Miss Neurotic 1953.

The remarkable Miss Ross has put eight songs on record under the title "Annie by Candlelight" (Nixa, 33).

JOE LOSS  
The public likes the old ones.

Play it while the lights are low. I particularly enjoy what Annabella Macaulay Allan Short, from Mitcham, Surrey, does to "Gipsy In My Soul," "I Love Paris," "Don't Worry 'Bout Me," and "Let The Sun Catch You Crying."

## These I like

Humph swains out (Parlophone 33), Jazz from Humphrey Lyttelton Band. Six tracks to choose from, with "That's My Home," the best of them.

Clio sings British (Egmont 45). Fine, fluent singing by Clio Laine, with a contingent from the Johnnie Dankworth Band. Notable solos by trombonist Keith Christie, particularly in "It Was a Lover and His Love." Cabaret days (Mercury 33). Sophie Tucker sings raises room temperatures in a selection of old favourites, including "Margie" and "Nobody Loves a Fat Girl" and "Some of These Days." Brassy, bawdy and it is said, Cuban fire (Capitol 33). Six table-dancers from the Stan Kenton Band, gaudy, inventive and hot as red peppers.

## MORE SERIOUSLY

By ARTHUR JACOBS

FOR all who long to eavesdrop on a great conductor rehearsing an orchestra the recording of the year is "Birth of a Performance" (Phillips, 2LD). It reveals Bruno Walter suggesting, singing and smoothing Mozart's *Lütz* Symphony into final shape.

Verdi's "Il Trovatore" bursts excellently from three Decca LPs, especially when Renata Tebaldi and Giulietta Simionato sing. "Aida" three HMV discs, (boxed) boasts Felicia Barber, Boris Christoff and Leonard Warren—but not even three operatic world-beaters compensate for thick-round-quality.

Nancy Spain  
ON THE NEW BOOKSA CULINARY ORGY  
ROUND THE WORLD

EAT your way round the world. This ambition is evidently that of Lesley Blanch, a small, blonde, pump, intelligent writer who is married to a distinguished Frenchman (Romain Gary, Consul General in Los Angeles, California, and author of the Goncourt Prize-winning novel "Racines du Ciel").

Lesley has just published a culinary orgy over the title of "ROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DISHES" (John Murray, 18s.). She is indeed a smart cookie.

She has some sharp things to say about foreign eating habits. "Tip-top" Americans, "nightmare" Russians, suffering from indigestion caused by too much sour cream and caviar and therefore writing introspective books—like Dostoevsky and Tolstoy.

## His Honey

AND what about the French? Well, Lesley's husband prefers steak and a bun to snails. And Lesley (a magnificent kitchen snob if ever there was one) strikes a great blow for English cooking. "Unjustly reviled," she says it is.

Our masterpieces are, apparently, Christmas pudding, Guards pudding, Roly-Poly, and Steak and Kidney pudding. "Suet settles on the hips," says Lesley. "Well, it is welcome to settle on mine." (A sentiment shared by Marlene Dietrich.)

Well, then. As if this spell-binding patriotism were not enough, Lesley also gives away wonderful foreign facts. She once knew an Arab chef whose favourite white stallion had its mane and tail dyed a rosy red apricot colour with henna. And she once talked to a Balkan bandit who ate potatoes cooked in honey.

MANKOWITZ  
PUBLIC FIGURE, NOW

Yes, Lesley Blanch is observant, witty, and wise. She is also surprisingly conventional. Fancy, she still worries because in America she saw cowboys listening to the Brandenburg Concerto and felt cheated by the sight of Red Indians sipping ice cream soda through a straw.

## Wolf Man

TALKING of conventional, I have you ever heard of Wolf Mankowitz, whose great zoological collection, "THE ABC OF SHOW BUSINESS" (Oldbourne Press, 8s. 6d.), is at present hypnotising the television audiences?

In London Wolf has now reached the status of a Public Figure (in between Buckingham Palace and Parliament). His book has some wonderful pointed biographies of people like Coward and Orson Welles and Prince Litterer.

It also has a nerve-racked little piece by Peter Ustinov that attempts to sum up Wolf himself. It is calculated (I think) to bewilder anyone who does not breathe the rarefied air of London's West End.

So in all humility I submit my entry to "The ABC of Show Business" on the subject of Mankowitz, Wolf.

The fact is that Mankowitz and Wolf are two distinct people, split down the middle in the new fashionable mixed-up manner. They both weigh 10½st, and they were both born on

November 7, 1924, in White-chapel, London, when an embarrassing resemblance was noticed to the infant Yehudi. A Pearly Queen standing by cried: "He may not be Menuhin but, boy, can heiddle."

Wolf who wears suede zipping wind-cheaters, is a poet who likes to eat and sleep and hates competitive games like Show Business. He is a family man, suddenly wants to do things like buy boats, country houses, and sheep.

He was once a miner, studied with Dr. Lewis at Cambridge, says he is unemployed, "People who are short of time," he says, "are those who work for other people: as soon as you sell your time you are trying to steal it back."

He is relaxed, gentle, happy, and gave his Mum the first money he made, which was 10s. 6d. for a poem. Also, he is one of my friends. He wrote "A Kid for Two Farthings" and "My Old Man's a Dushman."

## Investment

MANKOWITZ is a business man who wears smart suits and belongs to the Savile Club (Gilbert Harding put him up).

He is an expert on Wedgwood, owns superb premises in London's smartest arcade, funds £30,000 easily in a year to put on such shows as "Moby Dick," "The Threepenny Opera."

He explains his love of his wife and three sons by saying: "I like to make the original investment; pay off on a large scale," can be controversial, brilliant, and sour by turn. He has never written a line in his life and I can't stand him.

FICTION  
SHELF

By Philip Oakes

THE GINGER MAN. By J. P. Donleavy. Spearman. 15s.

PLETLLESS, picaresque story of an over-sexed American, supposedly studying in Dublin on funds provided by the GI Bill of Rights. Originally published in Paris, and lightly censored for the English edition, it displays a rugged, randy talent that applies itself a little too determinedly to the facts of low life. Brilliantly comic writing, but decidedly too gaudy for gentle tastes.

THE REST IS SILENCE. By Erico Verissimo. Arco. 15s.

A SEVEN-DECKER sandwich about five men, a woman and a boy whose lives are affected by the suicide of a shop-girl, who jumps to death from a skyscraper in Brazil. Incidentally impressive on the theme of the responsibilities of a society, but too untidy to make the message clear.

THE MYSTIC FINGER. SYMBOL. By Veronica De Osa. Hale. 12s. 6d.

FICTIONAL biography of El Greco, the painter from Crete who found fame in the Spanish court. Most detailed and conscientious, with notes on painters and paintings that slow the narrative but add considerable depth to the portrait of the artist.

WIGGERS. POKERY. By Hastings Draper. Allen. 12s. 6d.

A SHAGGY-BARRISTER story about the struggles of a young lawyer, who finds trouble both in and out of court. More good-humour than wit, but genuinely funny here and there. Likely to appeal to readers who fancy a blend of the Law Report and Doctor in the House.

THE SEARCHING LIGHT. By Martha Dodd. Calder. 15s.

A FAIRLY dim glow cast on an American university caught in the political cross-fire of the witch-hunt. Chief protagonist, Professor John Mince, student of a Millionaire and homocubus intellectual, whose conscience puts him on the spot. Well written and significantly sincere, but heavy going for all but social significance.

## VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Invitations

BY HARRY WEINERT



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INVITATION TO GET ON THE BALL AND CLEAN UP THE YARD—S.V.P. "RESPOND SMILING, VIGOROUSLY, PROMPTLY."



BE WISE—PLAY IT SAFE



# Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail — A "China Mail" Feature

## "Hancock's Half Hour" Returns To The Air

After an absence of a year, the lad 'imself is back. At 9.15 tonight Tony Hancock will be appearing in the first of a new series of thirteen programmes. Based on the life of the lad 'imself from the files of the Police Gazette, Hancock's Half Hour is written and adapted from "The Junior Goldfish Keepers Weekly" by Ray Galton and Alan Simpson.

The Hancock Theme and other incidental music is composed by Wally Stott and played by the BBC Augmented Revue Orchestra, conducted by Harry Rabinowitz.

There are two newcomers in this series. Tony has a new girl-friend, Andree Melly, who began her stage career with the Liverpool Repertory Company in 1949. Bill Kerr (the man from Wagga Wagga) and Sidney James, familiar to cinema-goers for his crook parts, are joined by Kenneth Williams, a versatile character actor who graduated to the London stage through the ranks of the Royal Engineers and repertory.

Ruth Draper — The news of Ruth Draper's death while she was appearing in her "One Woman Theatre" on Broadway last week must have saddened many who have been entertained by her brilliant talent in peopling a stage with imaginary characters of many different nationalities.

As a tribute to this great artist, Radio Hongkong is presenting Ruth Draper in "The Italian Lesson", one of her best known sketches, this evening in "Show Time" at 9.15.

Wednesday Theatre — This week at 9.15 p.m. features a repeat broadcast of the satire "Encounter in the Balkan Express", a thrilling story of intrigue, forgeries and espionage, written by Wolfgang Hildesheimer and translated by Hurey Hurey. The play was performed by the Hongkong Stage Club, and produced by Timothy Birch.

Jack Arnfield Bindon, an artist at present in the Colony, will be talking about "The Man of New Zealand" on Tuesday evening at 7.45. Mr Bindon has spent some time studying this interesting race and their arts and customs, and he illustrates his talk with recordings of Maori music and song.

Musical — On Monday, at 9.30 p.m., Fred King is giving a piano recital of music by Beethoven, Brahms and Chopin. This gifted young pianist has given many public concerts, and he illustrates his talk with recordings of Maori music and song.

Association Football — John Wallace will once again be giving a commentary of the week-end matches from the Club Ground. Today he will be on the air at 4.30 for the St. Joseph's versus Kitchener match, and tomorrow (Sunday) at the same time for the Army versus KMB match.

"Beginners Please" — The second show in the new series of "Beginners Please" will be broadcast from the Concert Hall of Radio Hongkong at 8 o'clock on Thursday evening. The producer, Hilary Green, invites anyone with talent in singing, music, monologues, etc. to write to her at Radio Hongkong if they are interested in taking part in one of the shows.

On Wednesday evening, Sir Alexander Grantham, GCMG, opens the new Council Chamber for the Legislative Council in the Colonial Secretariat. A report on the afternoon's ceremony, and a description of the Chamber, can be heard at nine minutes past nine on Wednesday evening.

On Sunday, the Colony will be holding a Civil Defence Exercise, and this evening at 7.15 p.m. the Hon. C. E. Terry, OBE, will speak about the Exercise on Radio Hongkong.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 800 kilocycles per second).

### Today

- 12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
- 12.35 POPULAR HARMONY.
- 1.00 TIME SIGNAL.
- 1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
- 1.30 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.
- 1.40 "JUST FOR YOU."
- 1.50 A LIP OF BLISS.
- 2.00 FORCES' CHOICE.
- 2.10 "HIGH SOCIETY."
- 2.20 THE NEWS.
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## SILENT MAJOR SETS A UNIQUE (GOLF) BALL ROLLING...

By BOB FERRIER

Major William Dalton Henderson is a strong silent type with the mirthless smile of an Alan Ladd, from the strong, silent, and too often mirthless, world of high finance.

The gent is an industrial banker. He is also the big wheel behind what I reckon will be the most exciting new golf tournament since the war, the Bowmaker Pro-Amateur Invitational tournament, scheduled for the roster next summer.

The calculating major, former USAF pilot and a fugitive from San Francisco ("I married an English girl, I like life here, I like the education my children can get here and I like being within a couple of hours of half a dozen countries") is no mean golfer himself. Playing off next to nothing at Sunningdale, he won last year's Worpleston Fourstons with Mrs. C. A. Abraham, of Westworth, and, if he had been born on this side of the water and taken, the whole thing just a little shade more seriously, he might well have found himself in a British Walker Cup team.

Now the coldly calculating mind has produced a tournament in which a threesome of professional, low amateur and medium amateur will play round the lovely Berkshire course together.

### INTRIGUING

The professional will play his own ball for a total of £3,000 prize-money. He will also combine with the better ball of each amateur, in what should be an intriguing 36-hole event.

The professionals will include our Ryder Cup team, Henry Cotton, probably Peter Thomson, Locke, Player and the

best of Europe, plus the Americans booked for the Open Championship.

The low amateurs will include our Walker Cup team, to be chosen just before the Bowmaker event, and the medium amateurs will include the very best golfers in public life, from the elegant, green, variety and business worlds.

### CROSBY, HOPE

Invitations will shortly be going out to America's big three of show business—Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and Darryl F. Zanuck. Phil Harris will get a gift card, too. Kenneth More, Laddie Lucas, Donald Peers, Stanley Matthews, Len Hutton, Bobby Nell, our gold-bright boxing hope, not to mention many a giant of industry, are on the major's mailing list, and the competition will certainly become a Tournament of Champions.

The whole thing is for charity, so make a note in that pin-fresh diary you have were—Berkshire Golf Club, Sunday and Monday, June 23 and 24.

And what a pity Louis Armstrong does not play golf!

(London Express Service.)

(COPYRIGHT)

## THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

### SIXTH RACE MEETING

Tuesday 1st and Saturday 5th January, 1957.

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 18 RACES.

The First Bell will be rung at 11.30 a.m. and the First Race run at 12.00 Noon on the 1st Day. The Fifth Race will be run at 1.30 p.m.

On the 2nd Day the First Bell will be rung at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m.

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 10.00 a.m. on the 1st Day and at 11.45 a.m. on the 2nd Day.

### MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.

All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable from the Club's Cash Sweep Office, at Queen's Building, Chater Road only on the written introduction of a Member, who will be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Times will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

The 6th Floor is restricted to Members and Ladies wearing Lady's Brouches.

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

### PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

### SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employers' boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths or Pay Out Booths in the Enclosures.

### CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$20.00 each for the 1st Day, \$10.00 each for the 2nd Day and \$30.00 each for both days may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), and 5, D'Almeida Street during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on the day of the Race Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 3,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 3,000.

In the case of two-day Race Meetings, Through Tickets may be purchased for each day of the Meeting provided that the second day is on a date not less than five days after the first day. In all other cases Through Tickets will only be sold for the whole Meeting.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Monday, 8th December, 1956, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 3,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from Subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.

### SPECIAL CASH SWEEP

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Pearce Memorial Cup scheduled to be run on 28th January 1957, at \$2.00 each, may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office.

### TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER. NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENT WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tie Tac men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,

A. E. ARNOLD,

Secretary.

## BERLIN OLYMPIAD BELL DISCOVERED



The 15-ton bell of the Berlin 1936 Olympiad is pictured after its discovery by British soldiers, who searched intensively for it for a whole month. The bell was originally buried in the grounds of Berlin's Mafek Stadium, but records of its location were lost. It is to be presented to the Berlin Senate.—Express Photo.

## Saints Face Acid Test In Tomorrow's Main Softball Attraction

By "TIME OUT"

Olly Vas' youthful Blackhawks will be facing their first hurdle tomorrow as they meet up with the Saints in the feature softball attraction at 11.30 a.m. In their past appearances the Hawks met tail-enders in their table and were easy victors in their three successive triumphs against no losses, but the clash against the veteran Saints will be the acid test for this fast-moving bunch of youngsters.

Kenneth Chun's HK Pandas, present League leaders in the Men's Senior "A" Division, will be out in strength to protect their clean slate against a new Navy outfit in the only other senior tussle slated. As local fans know, no two Navy teams are the same, for one week they turn out with an unbeatable squad and in the very next outing, a new ship moves in and a near "scrap" team is out at the park to protect the Navy's colours.

For the minor loopers, another big card is in the offing for no less than five games are slated for decisions this week, starting off this afternoon.

Fred Diesta's junior Dodgers, open the week's programme with a battle against the unpredictable South China while at the same time on the far diamond the rampaging Samoilovs will be entertaining Mike Cooper's lads from the Services, the Austers. At 3.30 p.m., Mario Pereira's Cheyennes take on the Lion Cubs while tomorrow's curtain-raiser at 9.30 a.m. finds the War Eagles pitted against the Overseas.

In the only Senior "B" game featured on this week's card, the leading Dodgers cross bats with their closest rivals in the person of the Comets under the guiding hands of Romeo Hamet.

### NOTICE

### THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

Programmes and Entry Forms for the 7th Race Meeting 1956/57 to be held on Saturday 19th and Saturday 26th January, 1957, (weather permitting) may be obtained at the Secretary's Office, Alexandra House; the Club House, Happy Valley; and the Stables, Shan Kwong Road. Entries close at 12 o'clock NOON on Tuesday, 8th January, 1957.

By Order of the Stewards,  
A. E. ARNOLD,  
Secretary.

Headaches  
Toothaches  
Colds  
are quickly relieved by  
**ASPIRIN**

## THIS AFTERNOON'S RUGGER

# Hexangular Tournament Leaders Clash At Boundary Street

By "PAK LO"

For the second week running the Police and the Club clash, this time on the neutral ground of the Army at Boundary Street. This second meeting has come about due to the fact that we have now reached the half way stage in the Hexangular Tournament, and the various XV's will now begin to play each other for the second time. The above mentioned game kicks off at 3.00 p.m.

Incidentally all the fixtures are as scheduled, and have not been switched in order to avoid the Club and the Police playing twice in succession.

Following the Police-Club clash is a match on the same ground at 4.15 p.m. between the Navy, still well packed with the Kaniers, and Army South.

Army South and the Navy lead the Hexangular Table at this stage, each having seven Hexangular points, and this promises to be a battle royal for the leadership.

The RAF are away this week... well away... in fact they are away up at Sek Kong where they meet Army North at 4.15 p.m.

For those of you who want to watch the ponies and rugger at the same time there is a game at Happy Valley, with the kick-off scheduled for 3.30 p.m. between the Club "B" and HMS Newcastle "B".

The Club have made no changes in their line-up from last week although Valentine is a doubtful starter due to a knee injury and should be declined until his position in the centre of the three will be filled by Inglis.

If the Club forwards get together today they will be able to give their halves a steady service, and the Club three have the power and speed to break through any defence to score. Beyond a tendency to run across field there is little wrong with the Club back division and they should score freely today.

The Police are a bit stronger this week with the return of Johnson to full back, thus releasing Scott and Lloyd to return to their usual positions.

Stevens also returns to the three line after a short absence due to injury, but despite this the apparent strengthening of the Police backs their passing is too indifferent for them to have much hope of overcoming the Club, no matter whether their forwards again outshine the Club or not.

ARMY SOUTH v. NAVY  
In the other game at Boundary Street neither side has made a change and on paper the Army South should get the larger share of the ball from the set, scrums, but lately the edge seems to have gone from Barker's booting, while Thorpe, his opposite number, is slowly improving.

In the lineouts and loose there is little to choose from the set, scrums, but lately the edge seems to have gone from Barker's booting, while Thorpe, his opposite number, is slowly improving.

all Bimbi needs to clear his team back into the picture with an upset win over the high-flying Hawks.

Matching these teams man for man, the Saints have an edge in experience and defence, while the faster and harder-hitting youngsters clearly outshine their opponents on the offensive.

So once again the question crops up—Will Salinas's medium-paced pitches be able to keep the Hawks big guns at bay? If he does, then a Saints' victory is assured but if he doesn't, then all is lost for he will be literally slammed out of the box.

SCHEDULE  
Today: 2.00 p.m. Ground A: S. China vs. Dodgers, Ground B: Austers vs. Samoilovs, 3.30 p.m. Ground A: Lion Cubs vs. Cheyennes.

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the loose. It should therefore devolve on the backs, and it is here that the Navy has the advantage, for their backs feed their wings steadily and are always capable of cutting through in the centre if there is a gap while the Army South are still too much a series of individualists who do not pass quick enough to their wings, preferring to hang on to the ball in the hope of finding an opening. Against the fast and hard tackling of the Navy, three this will probably turn out to be a fatal error and the Navy should win.

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Coombes, Broadhead, Harriott, Green, Haggard, Thompson, Walker, Cornish, Brown, Read, Macpherson, Southwick, Wilkman, Watt, Hermon, Chant, Moody-Jones, Elms, Tait.

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## WORLD OF SPORTS

# Sponge Is Very Bad For Table Tennis, Says Ferenc Sido

By DEREK JOHN

Have you ever played a violin with a rubber bow? The effect, according to Ferenc Sido, is about the same as playing table tennis with a sponge bat.

Sido, Hungary's 33-year-old No. 1 player who shares with Victor Barna, also Hungarian-born, the honour of being the only player to win the Triple Crown at the World Championships, the singles, doubles and mixed doubles in 1933, is in England with Hungarian teammates László Földi and Eva Kozelán.

Sido was quick to criticise sponge when we met at the finals of an English tournament. Through an interpreter, and speaking in German, he told me: "Sponge is very bad for table tennis. It makes bad matches."

One argument in favour of sponge was that it would help to do away with time limit matches. But, says Sido, the time limit remains for those who are just a means "to make" the sponge controversy seems to be universally accepted. That is, that only players who cannot play against it adopt sponge. That is Sido's own view, and one that is consistently aired in Britain.

And the next, second move to ban the sponge is in Britain. Sido is keeping the public away from tournament finals and internationals.

Sido's tour party plan to return to Hungary some time in 1957. All have families at home, and they have been given permission to extend what was to have been a short tour, and to stay abroad until things quieten down at home.

## HUNGARIAN ACE

The Hungarian ace would not be drawn into a political discussion. When asked whether the presence at home of relatives had anything to do with his and his teammates' desire to go back, he answered: "No. You are English, I am Hungarian. Hungary, like England to you, is my home. My opinion of the Russians is my own, and one that I will not discuss with anyone. But even if all Hun-

garians wanted to emigrate it would not be humanly possible. Politics, insists Sido, do not mix with sport.

He was much happier when talking of his forthcoming tour of Europe, and his training for the various championships, which will be started in Britain. Training at home, explains Sido, is impossible at the moment.

Sido, a Ministry of Agriculture (State) kept goal for a Budapest First Division soccer club, and has also represented his country at Valleyfield. László Földi, the 22-year-old defensive player, was an outstanding player in the Czech team, a club clerk with the Hungarian Police. Eva Kozelán, a factory stenographer, is 20.

All three are training for their Continental tour which takes them to Holland from January 10 to 20, Germany until February 8, and then on to the Belgian Open and French Open. For the two last-named events the team will be reinforced from Budapest and the complete team goes on to Stockholm for the World Championships in March.

The team will return to England for the English Open at Wimbledon in April.

## FAST BOWLER

England's fast bowler Frank Tyson bowled over an entire congregation in the Johannesburg Central Congregational church week-end.

Somewhat sheepishly he entered the pulpit to preach the first sermon of his career and what a good job he made of it.

It was a message of goodwill to all that he gave and in it he made several references to cricket.

"It was very, very good to hear," said one old lady. "The pity was that not one of the South African Test players heard him. They might have gained quite a different idea of the benevolent Frank as opposed to the typhoon they expect on the cricket field."

What a pleasure to read of an ex-sportsman who refuses to rush in on his name. In these days of highly commercialised sport, with too many of those who take part out for every penny they can get, Harold Larwood sets a shining example to the prima donnas of the world's sporting arenas.

For six years now, Larwood, of the bodyline bowling, has lived in Australia, where his name was once the most hated. He has long since lived down those black and bitter memories of probably the biggest sporting controversy in history.

In fact Larwood says, "I am almost an Aussie now." Larwood, whose train compartment was once invaded by hooligans, Larwood, the man who once went home with a never-healed broken foot; Larwood, the man on whom every

kind of indignity and abuse was heaped after wrecking Australia's last job. Bradman, Woodfull, Pontford now lives a quiet life in his small bungalow home in Kingsford, a Sydney suburb.

He works as a checker-in of jobs; transporting soft drinks throughout New South Wales. Above that he was a night watchman.

**LUCRATIVE OFFER**

For Larwood, greying, be-greased, but still with the same slow smile and quiet unassuming manner, turned down a £40 to £50 a week job with an oil company, and a usually lucrative offer from a wine and spirit firm. Both wanted Larwood's name. But he wasn't having anything to do with gimmicks. The refusal by this MCC member to be commercialised will be praised by true sportsmen everywhere.

One person who wants to see the such barrier between amateur and professional tennis lifted is Sir Norman Brooks, former President of the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia.

Sir Norman feels open tournaments between amateurs and professionals would create great public interest.

"There is no reason," says Sir Norman, "why tennis players cannot compete together as golfers do. There should be no taint on professional players. If amateurs and professional tennis groups continue to fight each other, they can only harm the game."

I suggest the English LTA, and in particular the All-England Club at Wimbledon, should take due note of these sensible remarks.

—(London Express Service). (COPYRIGHT)

## MILITARY LAW LOOKS TYPE FOR 2,000 GUINEAS

By JAMES PARK

Military Law and Ennis are the only colts in the 9 st. division in the Free Handicap still to be dealt with. In the first half of the season I would not have cared to back anything to beat them in a test of speed. Military Law did not quite fulfil expectations in the autumn, but Ennis kept his form well.

The notion I have about Military Law is purely personal and one with which trainer Jack Waugh may not agree. This magnificent looking colt was a bit hot in the early days of the season and always wanted to be showing off. He was a fringed leather noseband as it was said he was liable to throw his head about in wet weather. He also ran in ankle boots which suggested he was liable to rap himself.

## PLENTY OF DASH

He had an extravagant action and I have little doubt the trainer was anxious to get his charge to settle down. With a view to doing so I fancy the colt was restrained in his work and kept in behind his galloping companions. That appeared to be a success as the colt did not pull so hard in the two races he had in the autumn.

The different training methods—if I am correct in assuming they were adopted—seemed to rob Military Law of his natural speed. There was plenty of dash when he was just beaten first time out at Royal Ascot and at Sandown he was pulling over the opposition all the way. There was nothing like the same sparkle when he ran in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster and the Middle Park Stakes at Newmarket.

## GRAND STAMP

On those occasions he was steadily ridden, but there was little in the way of acceleration when he was asked to bear himself. In each race he just kept on at one pace in the final furlong and it was not good enough. It seemed to me the colt had lost some of the fine speed he had shown in his first two races.

If he winters well, Military Law will be a grand stamp of three-year-old. He ought to stay a mile as he is by Court Martial out of a French-bred mare whose pedigree is check full of staying blood. If he can regain some of his former speed, Military Law should be just

the type for the 2,000 Guineas. He is not in the Derby.

## WORTH SEEING

Ennis could well have been a challenger for premier position in the Free Handicap if he had not run at Royal Ascot. Shindler Hotel loved with him that day and I can only think that for some reason Ennis was a little below par. That was his only defeat. He had won four races prior to Royal Ascot and after winning at Goodwood wound up for the season by beating Matador in the Nunthorpe Stakes at York.

That was a race worth going a long way to see. Ennis ripped off its front and it was not long before Matador was put under pressure. Steadily the three-year-old closed the gap and there was no more than half a length between them with a furling to go.

## DRIVING FINISH

It came as a surprise to find the two-year-old holding his own in a driving finish and the camera showed he still had a few inches to spare at the winning post.

All sorts of going came alike to Ennis but as he is bred purely on sprinting lines he is unlikely to be asked to race beyond six furlongs. In that department he should be a contender for the championship and it was a wise policy to retire him after that terrific duel at York.

—(London Express Service).

### Answers To Sports Quiz

- 2-1 with two drawn.
- Tenly Albright.
- Cortina, Italy.
- Stockholm.
- Shirley Fry.
- Wimbledon, French and Australian.
- Ken Rosewall.
- Nineteen wickets in a Test match by Jim Laker.
- World men's singles table tennis title, heavyweight boxing title, and bantamweight title.
- Cambridge.

## Sports Diary

## TODAY

- Soccer
- Div. 1: St. Joseph's v. Kitchener (Club) 3.30 p.m.; RAF v. South China (Club) 3.30 p.m.; CAA v. Club (BS) 3.30 p.m.
- Reserve Div.: RAF v. South China (Club) 2 p.m.; CAA v. Club (BS) 2 p.m.
- Div. 2: Dockyard v. Jardines (Club) 2 p.m.; RAF v. Sai Wan (HV) 2.15 p.m.; HAMC v. REMC (HV) 2.15 p.m.; B & S v. CMS (HV) 3.45 p.m.
- Div. 3: Dodwell's v. RLL (HV) 2.15 p.m.; Tamar v. Rediffusion (HV) 3.45 p.m.; AFS v. Hollandia (HV) 3.45 p.m.
- Cricket
- Div. 3: KCC Waip v. Army South; KCC v. DSB; KCC v. KCC Horne; Dockyard v. Navy; Army North v. Boro; University "B" v. RAF; Police v. University "A".
- Rugby
- Hexagonal Tournament: Club v. Police (BS) 3 p.m.; Navy v. Army (BS) 4.15 p.m.; Army North v. RAF (Sok Kong) 4.15 p.m.
- Racing
- Sixth Race Meeting at Happy Valley (Second Day).

## Namesakes



## INSTRUCTIONS: Fill in the spaces against each of the clues below with a word related to my life. The letters in circles spell out my name. Who am I?

- 1 Besieged town
- 2 Hot country
- 3 Irregular fighters
- 4 Battle
- 5 Settlers
- 6 Not a Monarchist

Solution on Back Page

**BE SPECIFIC**

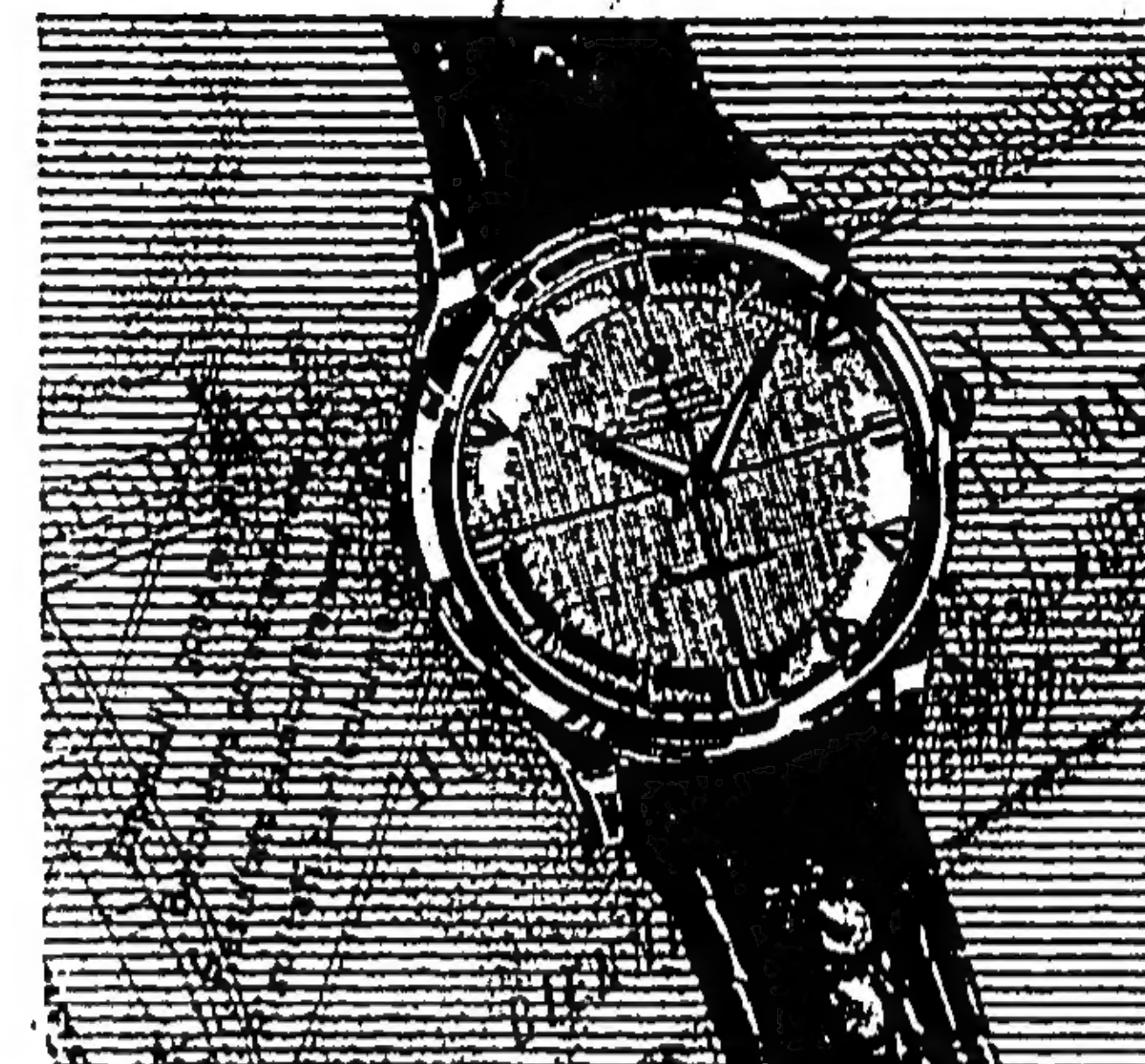
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**THE GAMBOLS** by Barry Appleby

I expect Gabe will have been busy with the housework today.

TIERED, DEAR P. SHALL WE GO OUT SOMEWHERE?

NO THANK YOU

I SPENT THE WHOLE DAY IN THE KITCHEN TO DAY.

I HAVE ENJOYED IT

SPRAINED MY ANKLE

WELL, DON'T MAKE A FUSS. REST IT FOR AN HOUR OR TWO

MY ANKLE'S SWOLLEN

YOU'RE IMAGINING IT

MRS GAMBOL: I PHONED ME SO I CALLED A—NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT—SHE'S SECOND SMALL BONE IN HER FOOT

BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME YOU'D HURT YOURSELF?

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## YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5

**B**ORN today, you are a natural leader in the circle in which you move. A mentally active person, you are apt to overdo things and, since you are not as physically robust as you might wish, you tend to wear yourself out before your time. Learn to conserve physical energy as much as possible and save yourself to develop the big ideas which others may follow and promote.

Fond of travel, it is likely that you will visit many foreign lands. You like to compare customs and people with those in your own country. You will make friends wherever you go and will soon have acquaintances that encircle the globe. Wed rarely in life. Select someone who has gypsy feet, too, and you will find happiness travelling about the earth. You probably speak well in public and might make a good lecturer. You also have the gift of the written word and should be able to write entertainingly with wit and charm.

You women are fine managers and make excellent wives for ambitious men, for you seem to have the "know-how" of proper entertaining as well as the knack for meeting and knowing all the right people. You may also have dramatic ability and, for a time, may want to be on the stage. You could actually combine two careers with success, if you wished.

You men are especially fitted for places of high, confidential responsibility. You know how to keep a secret and seem able to evolve long-term solutions for difficult problems. People seem to go to you, quite naturally, for help and advice.

Among those born on this date were: Christopher La Farge, architect; Henry Loomis Nelson, editor; Zebulon M. Pike, explorer; Humbert Wolfe, poet; Eddie Sutherland, actor-producer; William P. Johnston, educator; and John C. Moss, inventor.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUUNDAY, JANUARY 6

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Be extremely diplomatic in matters involving romance. A thoughtless word could bring acute unhappiness.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—If you have been postponing a decision important to your future, take time to consider it now.

**PISCES** (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—If you are taking a one-day trip to visit relatives, be assured that you will have a pleasant time.

**ARIES** (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Listening to a good sermon this morning may give you the self-confidence and inspiration to begin a new objective.

**TAURUS** (Apr. 21-May 21)—You may need tact and patience with affairs on the domestic front. Don't let your marriage partner irritate you.

**GEMINI** (May 22-June 21)—You may have difficulty in making long-term plans today, but if you are patient, you should come to some conclusions.

**CANCER** (June 22-July 23)—If you have a lovely friend or relative nearby, invite him to the gala Sunday dinner for the family.

**LEO** (July 24-Aug. 23)—It may be next to impossible to settle an argument peacefully if you get into one, so at all costs avoid that dilemma.

**VIRGO** (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Don't attempt to do any work today which involves a business or financial problem. Leave all that for the working week.

**LIBA** (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Short-term projects are favoured. Just now, think in terms of day-by-day planning and all goes satisfactorily.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—If something on the home front needs doing in a hurry, this is the day to get caught up on that detail work.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—When returning from a day's trip, get an early start back or the good of the day's relaxation will be lost.

**DORN** today, you men and women are apt to differ rather widely in the outward expression of your talents. You women are intuitive, spiritual and deeply interested in the occult and the mysterious. If others have an almost prophetic sight into the motivations of your own making. Yet you are usually accurate in your judgment of situations. Original, ingenious and inventive, you tend to go your own way, regardless of anyone else.

You men, on the other hand, are hard, practical and what is called a "go-getter." Although you would never admit it, much of your ability to decide things instantly is due to the same intuitive sense which the fair sex have. But you call it the "will to succeed." You men are obstinate and once you get set, you are "set in your ways." It would be well for you to develop a little more consideration for others early in life, if you are to be loved as well as respected.

Actually, you have a sensitive nature and your emotions are strong. It is the use to which you put these emotional forces which determines the outward aspects of your personality. Many men, considered harsh task-masters at the office, are really "softies" at home. The affectionate side of your nature has to come out some time, no matter how hard you may try to repress it.

Among those born on this date were: Joan of Arc, patriot; Edward G. Griffin, educator; Tom Mix, actor; Fred Nible, film director; Loretta Young, actress; Charles Sumner, and Daniel Haines, reformers; and Carl Sandburg, poet and historian.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, JANUARY 7

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—If your job is personnel, then this should be a good day for interviewing new employees—and getting the right ones.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—If someone owes you money, you have a good chance of getting it returned now if you ask for it tactfully.

**PISCES** (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—A day when labour and management should be able to get together and talk things over. As an employee, come to a new understanding with the boss.

**ARIES** (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—If legal problems have arisen, it may be necessary for you to go to law—but avoid "taking action" today.

**TAURUS** (Apr. 21-May 21)—You can be highly successful with any product which requires a quick turnover for a good profit. Take advantage of it.

**GEMINI** (May 22-June 21)—Better not to go bond for anyone at this time on any long-term loan or mortgage. Think twice before agreeing.

**CANCER** (June 22-July 23)—You ought to get a good bargain in jewellery today. Perhaps this is a good time to buy the ring.

**LEO** (July 24-Aug. 23)—Now you can take your project to the boss and expect to get a fair hearing. Have a good, new idea; don't complain.

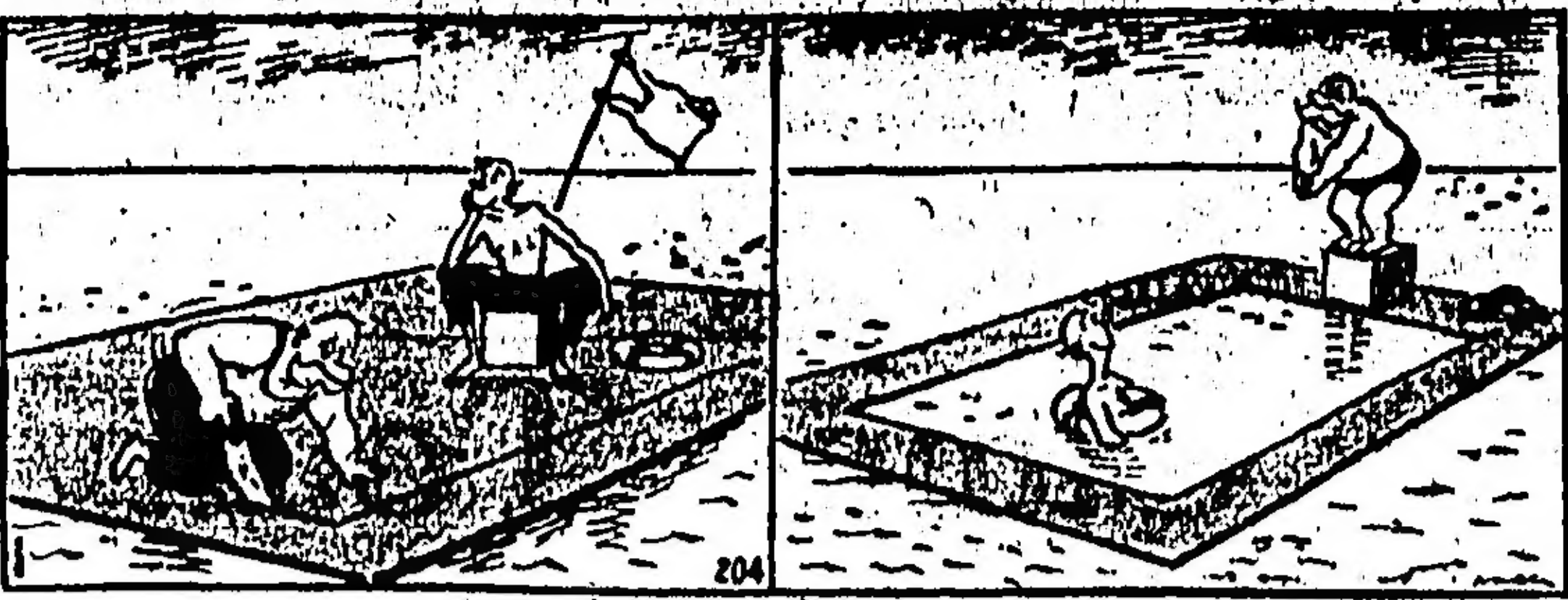
**VIRGO** (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—If you have a dental appointment, try to postpone it. You're not up to it, and it would be better to wait.

**LIBA** (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—If you have been trying to find the right kind of domestic help, you should be able to find someone now.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—That new enterprise you have been planning recently can be auspiciously begun today. Get an early start, too.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—If nervous or upset it is not the time to go for an eye examination. Under those circumstances postpone your appointment.

## Colonel UP and Mr. DOWN... by Walter



## PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

**SUPER GIMMICK** America moves on. Two Westinghouse engineers have just come up with an electronic gimmick which will increase the range of the most powerful telescopes by three times.

Since the 200-inch telescope at Mount Palomar in California will already let you peep two billion light years (12,000 billion miles) into space, you may wonder why it is that astronomers should want to see six billion light years (86 billion trillion miles) into space.

You may also suspect that why they see at that distance will be a little out of date since, on account of the time it takes light to travel, it will have happened three billion years before the earth was formed and six billion years before the first man appeared.

Nevertheless, this new gimmick will have its uses. For instance, it will be so much more powerful and accurate than anything now in operation that it will almost certainly enable astronomers to

decide for once and for all about the "canals" on Mars. That may prove a disappointment for science fiction addicts, but it may enable a few old ladies to sleep a little more soundly at night if the scientists can show that Mars isn't the sort of place that produces flying saucers.

The super-powered telescopes will also help in answering the old question about where the universe ends. Could be it will turn out that if you go far enough you come to place where there just isn't anything.

But maybe you'd rather leave that one to the astronomers.

**WHO SAYS?** The British, we are told, are a singularly un-emotional race.

Indeed, the British seem to tell this to one another at least once a day and it would be singularly un-British to dispute it.

It follows, therefore, that it must have been foreign tourists who filled the special trains from the North, the South and the Midlands that brought a seething mass of people to a field in Cheltenham.

A thousand pounds worth of uncut diamonds had been secreted there as part of a television stunt.

Several of these foreign tourists were so eager for the loot that they had to be treated by ambulance men rushed to the scene.

In all, 5,000 people took part in this sport.

No doubt, had they not been foreign tourists, it would have been clear to them that they would have had a rather better chance at winning a thousand if they had walked to the nearest post office and bought a premium bond.

**HOLLYWOOD IN ROME** David Selznick, the Hollywood producer, is in Rome to film Ernest Hemingway's novel "Farewell to Arms". All is going well except that he cannot find the arms. Selznick says that he needs some Italian Alpine troops for his picture, but that the Italian Defence Ministry has refused to lend them.

This is not surprising if one remembers that "Farewell to Arms" is based on the Battle of Caporetto—Italy's most serious defeat in the First World War.

But Mr. Selznick is not discouraged by this refusal. "If we cannot get the Italian Alpine troops," he says, "we shall try to get some Austrian troops and dress them like the Italians."

**BAD DAY** Malay priests decreed that Friday was a bad day to talk about money. So the Park State Council postponed a Friday budget debate to Monday.

## BY THE WAY... by Beachcomber

**EAST** and West meet," say in my paper, "in this rajah, who had a public school education." He would, for instance, know better than to ride to hounds on an elephant.

That is one of the first things they teach rajahs at public schools. East and West met when a sultan got mixed up with the crowd at a meet of the Klugees Harriers, and came in for some pretty saucy harrying when he pulled the trigger of the loop man into a streamlet.

As wise old Biddy Early used to say, "You never know what you're brocker in till you've trodden in it." The crowd roared "Off with his turban!" and who should that sultan turn out to be but a swarthy lad from Ennistymon.

**Mrs Wretch explains** MRS WRECH said yesterday: "The fact that certain things are becoming more expensive will be seized on by enemies of the Government as evidence that prices are rising."

The unpatriotic idea that because we have to pay more for food and other things the cost of living is going up is disproved by the cost-of-living index, and by the recent Economic Survey. The general public cannot be expected to understand the intricate details of the national economy, but instructed men

and women should know better than to confuse overall price-heightening with increased purchase-cost.

**Who would have thought it?**

"M-l-l-law!" Derek Grimwaters heard the feline appeal. Reckless, he swarmed up the towering chestnut tree hand over hand. Not for nothing had he served aboard a herring-drifter. In 12 seconds (Grimwaters' time) he was stuck, and could not go up or down.

A policeman climbed towards him. He, too, got stuck. The cat sang on. "The fire-brigade arrived, and four firemen got stuck, and their ladder broke. Passers-by climbed, and got stuck. Then a beautiful girl tried. She, too, got stuck. Evening fell. The cat slipped down, unobserved, and made off. A half-deaf chartered accountant living near by heard the incessant chattering among the branches. "We must get rid of those infernal starlings," he said. Whereupon he hoisted a quantity of icy water into the upper branches. Amid curses and howls of pain I climbed into the tree, ignoring the men. I rescued the girl and took her to dinner. And that, Babette, is how I met your great-grand-mother.

## JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Suit Signal Is Key Play

By OSWALD JACOBY

**T**HE suit preference signal should practically never be used on the first trick of a hand. Today's hand shows an exception to the rule.

West, led the king of clubs, and dummy won with the ace. It was obvious that West had led a singleton, and it was equally obvious that East could not want to signal either encouragement or discouragement. In other words, East could not want to signal West to lead another club; nor could he want to signal West to refrain from leading another club.

The road was therefore clear for East to use a signal for a different purpose. He could play a higher club than necessary to

NORTH (D)		
♠ Q63		
♥ KQ73		
♦ A QJ74		
♣ K		
WEST		
♠ KJ874		
♥ A 5		
♦ Q8749		
♣ K		
EAST		
♠ 10983		
♥ A J1083		
♦ 652		
♣ K		
SOUTH		
♠ A		
♥ J109853		
♦ K9		
♣ 10983		
North-South vul.		
North	East	South
1 ♠	Pass	1 ♥
2 ♠	Pass	2 ♥
Pass	Pass	3 ♥
Pass	Pass	Pass
Opening lead—♠ K		

indicate that his side entry was in a high suit, and he could signal by playing his lowest club in order to indicate that his side entry was in a low suit.

In this case, East played the deuce of clubs, thus signalling that East could gain the lead in diamonds rather than in spades. The signal was important. West got the lead by taking the first trump trick with his ace and then led a diamond. East took it with the ace and returned a club. West was able to ruff, thus defeating the contract. If West had led spades instead of diamonds, South would have won the trick and drawn trumps. The contract of five hearts would then have been fulfilled.

## CARD SENSE

**Q**—The bidding has been: South West North East 1 Heart Pass 3 Clubs Pass

You, South, holds: ♠ 9 ♠ A K J 3 2 ♠ Q J 5 A J 6 2 What do you do?

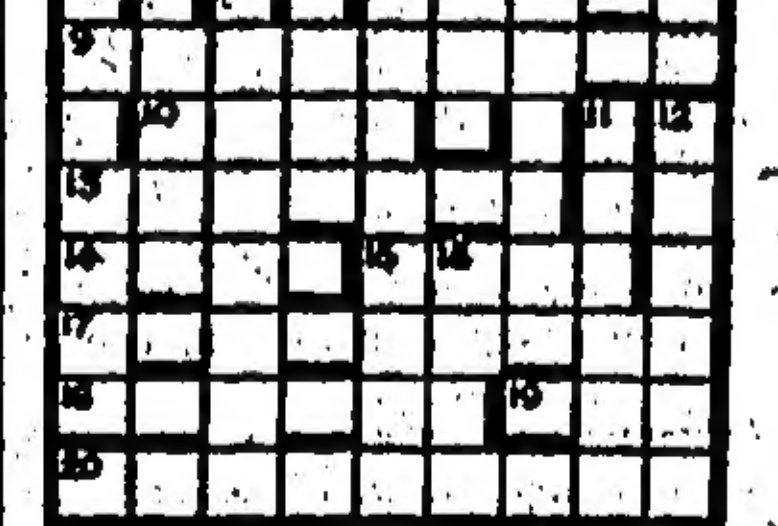
**A**—Bid three diamonds. This natural bid shows where your strength is.

**TODAY'S QUESTION**

The bidding is the same as in the question just answered. You, South, holds: ♠ 9 ♠ A K J 3 2 ♠ Q J 5 A J 6 2 What do you do?

Answer on Monday

## CROSSWORD



- Across
1. Blinking animals—when they're brought into the light. (3-5)
  2. Homemaking South American politician. (5)
  3. Giving a jump. (Anagram). (6)
  4. Join the crowd. (Anagram). (7)
  5. Where this happens in the King James one of the crowd. (3, 4)
  6. It may be an object of veneration. (7)
  7. Was actually seen, if you see a certain kind of. (5)
  8. "I'll" wouldn't do for Bow. (7)
  9. "I'll" wouldn't do for Bow. (7)
  10. "I'll" wouldn't do for Bow. (7)
  11. "I'll" wouldn't do for Bow. (7)
  12. "I'll" wouldn't do for Bow. (7)
  13. "I'll" wouldn't do for Bow. (7)
  14. "I'll" wouldn't do for Bow. (7)
  15. "I'll" wouldn't do for Bow. (7)
  16. "I'll" wouldn't do for Bow. (7)
  17. "I'll" wouldn't do for Bow. (7)
  18. "I'll" wouldn't do for Bow. (7)
  19. "I'll" wouldn't do for Bow. (7)
  20. "I'll" wouldn't do for Bow. (7)
- Down
1. Priming work by early builders. (5)
  2. Play work by the clock—and go on to should—on the second. (7)
  3. How that I've part of our common. (7)
  4. Something for "I'll" a negat. (7)
  5. (Anagram). (7)
  6. Don't talk about the stinging one. (7)
  7. This law may well be. (5)
  8. "I'll" wouldn't do for Bow. (7)
  9. "I'll" wouldn't do for Bow. (7)
  10. "I'll" wouldn't do for Bow. (7)
  11. "I'll" wouldn't do for Bow. (7)
  12. "I'll" wouldn't do for Bow. (7)
  13. "I'll" wouldn't do for Bow. (7)
  14. "I'll" wouldn't do for Bow. (7)
  15. "I'll" wouldn't do for Bow. (7)
  16. "I'll" wouldn't do for Bow. (7)
  17. "I'll" wouldn't do for Bow. (7)
  18. "I'll" wouldn't do for Bow. (7)
  19. "I'll" wouldn't do for Bow. (7)
  20. "I'll" wouldn't do for Bow. (7)

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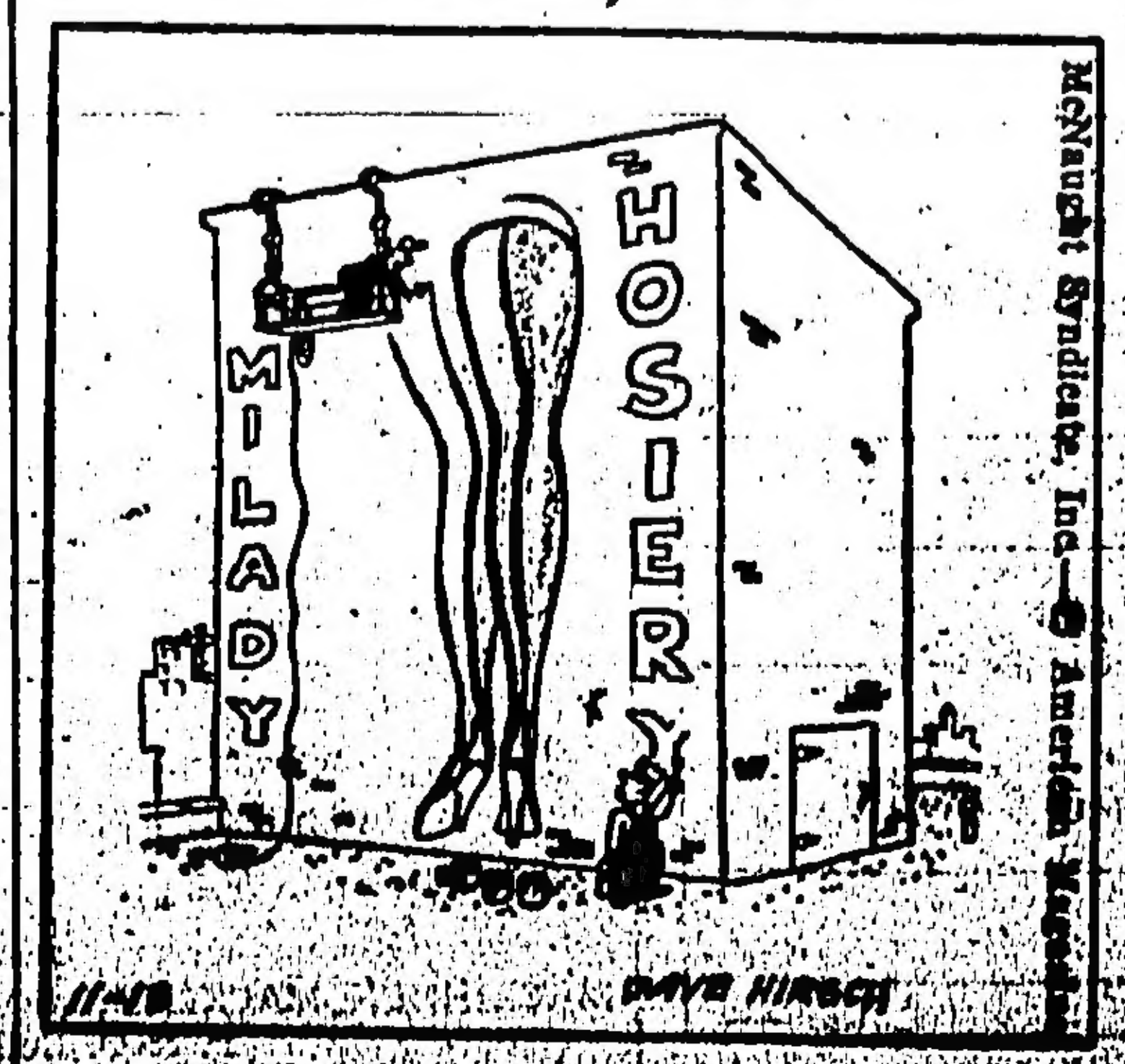
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## This Funny World



## Dartwords

**HAVE** you 10 minutes to spare before Christmas? Then see if you can make your way round this 50-word circle from "ROBBERHOODS" on the rim to "ROD" in the centre. To do so you have to rearrange the other words in such a way that the relationship between any word and the one next to it is governed by one of six rules.

- Rules: (1) The word may be an anagram of the word that precedes it. (2) It may be a synonym of the word that precedes it. (3) It may be found by adding one letter to, or subtracting one letter from, or changing one letter in the preceding word. (4) It may be associated with the preceding word in a way that is not obvious. (5) It may be a word that is used in the same way as the preceding word. (6) It may be a word that is used in the same way as the preceding word.

